

The Sketch

No. 1349.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



THE WEDDING OF LADY AVICE SACKVILLE AND MAJOR STEWART G. MENZIES, D.S.O.: WEDDING GROUPS.

A very pretty wedding of last week was that of Lady Avice Sackville to Major Stewart G. Menzies, D.S.O., Life Guards. Earl De La Warr, who gave his sister away, wore the uniform of an A.B. seaman. The bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. J. E. Menzies, and of Lady Holford, and the bride's mother is Muriel Countess De La Warr, daughter of the

first Earl Brassey. In the top photograph are the bridesmaids: Lady Cynthia Curzon; Lady Morvyth Ward; Miss Sadie Greenwood; Lady Diana Somerset; Miss Diana Leigh; also the bride (in Front); the best man, Captain Euan Wallace; and the bridegroom. In the bottom photograph are the bride and bridegroom.—[Photographs specially taken by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER—WITH FIVE COLOURED KIRCHNERS.

"The Sketch" Christmas Number is now on sale. Contained in it are five coloured pictures by Raphael Kirchner—one of them a double-page. Amongst the other chief features are *Petted Plays*; *The Christmas-Gift Girls*; *Stories by W. Douglas Newton*, and others; *If Real Life were Real Life*; *Other Christmases—By Pavilion Pill to—*; *Comic pictures by W. Heath Robinson, G. E. Studdy*, and others. Owing to the paper restrictions, it is necessary for those wanting copies to obtain them from bookstall or newsagent at once. The price is Two Shillings.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Which Sleeve? It is still possible to meet people who will tell you that the Germans have "something up their sleeve." I wonder which sleeve they mean? There can't be anything up the right sleeve, for Hindenburg himself has stated officially that the German Army could not take on the French, let alone the Allies. And there can't be anything up the left sleeve, because the North Sea is almost as hot as the Gulf Stream from the moving keels of surrendering German battle-ships, and cruisers, and submarines.

So which sleeve is it? Have they a third sleeve? I think not. I think they have but two sleeves, and both are empty. So don't let this bogey of the German with something up his sleeve spoil your Christmas. Order your bird, and secure your dried fruits, and make your pudding, and stick up the holly and mistletoe as we did at Christmas, 1913. Remember that the children—the "quite kiddies"—have never seen a Christmas-tree, never dipped into a snapdragon, never pulled the beard of a Father Christmas, never watched mummy and daddy pretending to be Santa Claus. All these good things must be revealed unto them at the forthcoming Christmas.

Never mind about the Germans. Forget them. Cut them out. The Navy, the Army, and the Air Force will do all the necessary policing; and the Government, when we get the nice new one, will attend to the terms of peace. Don't worry your head. Make merry on such ingredients as you can get. The chief one you already have—Peace with Honour.

King of the Larder. The Kaiser may have a good Christmas, but I scarcely think it. Had he been at home, and the war still blazing merrily, he would have done well. He was prepared for Christmas. His people were starving, but what of that? He was a man apart. He was the Chosen of God, and God would not wish the Monarch of All to go hungry.

So large rooms were prepared, white-tiled. In these were placed a few little things to eat, says Wilhelm Carle, member of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council. "Meat, game in ice, salted provisions in large cases, white meal in sacks piled up to the roof, thousands of eggs, gigantic basins filled with lard, coffee, tea, chocolate, jelly, and jam of every kind in seemingly endless rows, and hundreds of blue sugar-loaves, as well as peas, beans, dried fruits, and biscuits." The value of these foodstuffs, it is reckoned, would be about £5000 in English money.

But was that enough? Would he have wanted for anything? It is a terrible thought—the Kaiser and the Crown Prince having to ask for something which could not be instantly supplied! You cannot make splendid speeches on a stomach that is not radiantly happy. You cannot enjoy a big battle from the summit of a tower if the salted almonds have not been forthcoming at the precise moment.

Small wonder that he was loved by his people, this self-denying person! Small wonder that they would perish to a man for their adored King! King of Prussia and the King of the Larder. Synonymous terms?

Another Picture. Contrast that hideous selfishness with the conduct of our own King throughout the war.

It is well known that the Royal table was served no more plentifully than the table of the decent English gentleman. It is well known that the Royal cellars were closed for a long time, and, when opened by the advice of the physician, great quantities of historic wines were sold for the Red Cross. Every Londoner has had the opportunity of seeing our King since the signing of the armistice. You have only to glance at that ascetic face to know the hard life that the monarch has been leading for four and a half years.

And the people do know it. They do know and appreciate all that the King and Queen have done throughout this war. Nothing else could explain the dense crowds that surrounded Buckingham Palace on Armistice Day and for days after that; the ringing cheers that greeted the Royal party when it drove through the streets of London; the remarkable scene of enthusiasm in Hyde Park. All these signs are significant. Never did a King of England sit more firmly on his throne than George V. at the present day. That is an outcome of the war which any man who understands the times in which he is living will welcome with a thankful heart.

It is not an easy thing to be a King. We might have been in a very different plight. Whether we deserve it or not, we have a rattling good King. We do well to make the most of him on the few occasions that he accords us the opportunity.



GOING INTO MANAGEMENT: MISS GINA PALERME—HER LATEST PORTRAIT.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

"The Kaiser and Extradition." I have been reading, in a Sunday newspaper, an article under the above heading. The writer points out that we must not disregard the rights of the Dutch, and that we have often sheltered political refugees. For these reasons, presumably, we must not demand the Kaiser, or his Head (which threatens to be a greater nuisance than the head of King Charles the First).

It is all, it seems, a question of law. Can we prove that the Kaiser comes within the law of extradition? Can we get a Deportation Order? And so forth.

The Kaiser knows perfectly well what will happen. We shall begin by making out a form. This will be signed by somebody and it will then be sent to Room 42 to be initialled. The occupant of Room 42 will pass it on to Room 75, and there it will lie until the occupant of Room 75 returns from France or Mesopotamia. When this gentleman eventually returns he will find great arrears of work awaiting him, and, in the hurry, the form will get shoved into a basket and delivered at Room 89. In this room nothing will be known of the matter, so no "action" will be taken, the form being referred back to Room 42. In Room 42 the matter will have been forgotten, the gentleman who originally signed the form having gone to America on important Government business. But a flapper will be told off to look up the documents in the case, and she will carry on until it is time to make the toast. The form will tumble to the floor, to be rescued by the charwoman, popped into the waste-paper basket, and carted away. And there the matter will end.

THE VICTORY BALL: BRITANNIA LEADS THE PROCESSION.

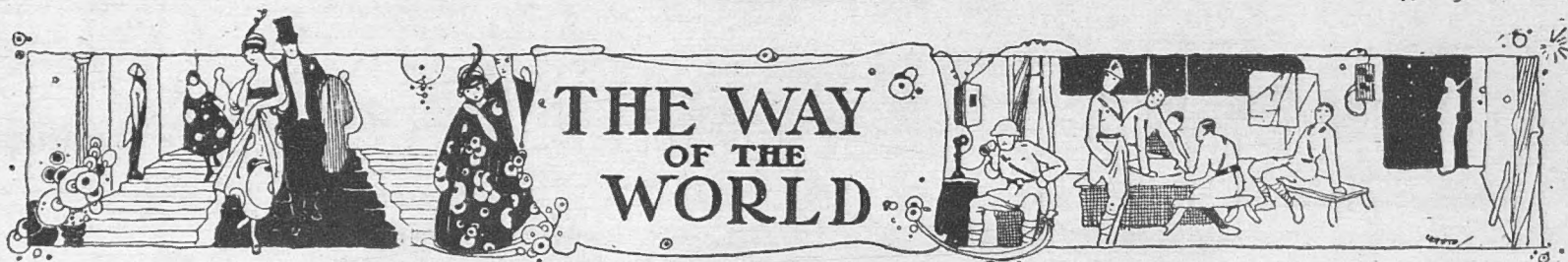


AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE VICTORY BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL: THE PROCESSION, AND SOME TYPICAL COSTUMES.

The Victory Ball at the Albert Hall last Wednesday night was an immense success. It had been organised by Mrs. Edward Hulton and Miss May Beeman to raise £10,000 for the Nation's Fund for Nurses, and that sum at least was safely in prospect some days before the event, as the 4000 tickets were eagerly bought up. Shortly before midnight

took place the event of the evening, a symbolical procession arranged by Mr. Louis N. Parker. It was headed by Lady Diana Manners as Britannia, and near her was the Duchess of Westminster as England. Mrs. Edward Hulton, as Peace, entered in a chariot, releasing doves. The hall was brilliantly lit and decorated with Allied flags.

DRAWN BY PIZER.



The Queen's Remark.

I have never seen so much hand-shaking in my life as the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales enjoyed during the Silver-Badged Men's Review. The Queen's carriage was invaded, and at one time it seemed likely that, through a little excess of enthusiasm, the Prince would be thrown from his horse. When Queen Mary arrived back at Buckingham Palace she confessed that she was terribly tired. "I never knew before to-day that I had so many friends," she remarked, and I am sure her Majesty said this without the slightest knowledge of the fact that her confession recalled the first little speech of Charles II. when he returned to his country and to a people who were ready to offer him a frenzied welcome. "If I had known that I had so many friends over here, I should have returned long ago," said England's most democratic King. Now that Queen Mary has discovered how many friends she has amongst her subjects, I hope she will take every opportunity of

meeting them as often as possible on the most informal terms.

Royal Playgoing.

Following the example set by the Royal visit to "The Bing Boys on Broadway," at the Alhambra, which inaugurated a new era in Royal theatre-going, there have been several Royal theatre-parties. The theatres in question get rather disappointed because they are not allowed to advertise the visits officially in advance. However, the managers do their best afterwards to keep the Fleet Street telephone wires busy. The King and Queen and the Prince of Wales—described by a loyal

young woman in the pit as quite a bonny boy—and Prince Albert dropped in the other night to see "The Boy," at the Adelphi Theatre.

Peace and Publicity.

I suppose you have no women relatives or friends left—except possibly a few earnest women war-workers of considerable beauty and little capabilities—who are stranded just now in the neighbourhood of the Hotel Cecil vainly wondering how they are going to get their pictures into the illustrated daily newspapers unless they enter into a beauty contest. At least one very notable young person who has done everything, from appearing in tableaux at famous hotels to selling very small woollen dolls to an unappreciative public in order that Britain might win the war, confessed her dilemma to me last week: "No one will ever hear about me now," she said with a deep note of pathos in her voice; "of course, I'd love to go into a

beauty competition, but I'm told that my second housemaid is in already, and hopes to be one of the winners among the war-workers. Suppose we were to tie for first place." I told her to forget all about the war and go in for electioneering, which was an even smarter thing to do just now than carry a banner or pose as some symbolical figure at a Victory Ball.

Christabel—Candidate.

I have not the slightest knowledge of how the women candidates will get on at the poll, but I do know that all my women friends have taken to electioneering with an enthusiasm that suggests Election Day will be a sort of Flag Day—and a Flag Day in those early days of Flag Days when the women were hoping that all the Balkan States would come into the war, so that we could have a Flag Day every day of the week. I saw Christabel Pankhurst before she started off on her Northern campaign. "I have never seen my constituency," she confessed, "but I hope to win; I am going to appeal to the electors on national rather than parochial grounds." As I could not bring myself to tell Christabel that every Parliamentary aspirant I had ever met had said something of the same sort of thing to me before they had started campaigning, I wished her a silent farewell. In the meantime, everyone is asking whether Lord Northcliffe and the Pankhursts are going to form a Party on their own.

L. G.'s View.



THE NEW CAPTAIN-SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NAUTICAL COLLEGE, PANGBOURNE: CAPTAIN W. H. D. MARGESON, R.N.

Photograph by Topical.

The reason I ask this question is obvious. Up to the time of writing, the *Daily Mail* and the *Times* have given a very tepid milk-and-water support of the Coalition. But these journals have also given every publicity to the woman's party, the shining light of which is, as you all know, the one and only Christabel. A few days ago a distinguished representative of the Party saw Mr. Lloyd George, and put to him several questions which, in a Court of Law, might have been described as being of a "leading nature." "I have always believed in women's influence in politics. I have always believed in woman as a politician," said the Prime Minister, with true Celtic cordiality. I wonder if he will find that women, being more precise than men about the things they want, regard such statements as these as very charming but rather evasive generalities. I think, as a matter of worldly wisdom, if I had been running the Government Campaign, I should have seen that the official blessing of the Coalition was given to at least half-a-dozen women candidates.

London and Paris.

Of course all sorts of malicious people have told you that some of our English revue artistes whom we presented—not as a peace offering—to the critical playgoing public of Paris have had something of a rough time. The Paris journals, having no longer to criticise the military methods of the Boche, have been criticising the dramatic method, the technique, and the dresses of some of the latest visitors from England to the French

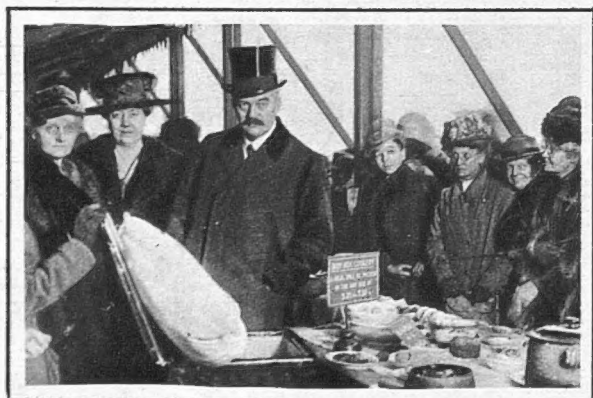


THE FIRST AMERICAN POLICE-WOMAN TO REGULATE TRAFFIC: MRS. LEOLA N. KING, ON POINT DUTY IN WASHINGTON. Mrs. King is the wife of a captain in the U.S. Medical Corps. It may be noted she carries a revolver at her belt.—[Photograph by Topical.]



ACTIVE AND PASSIVE.

"John Plant was ordered to be birched for burglary by the New Mills magistrates yesterday."—*Daily Paper.*



INSPECTING HAY-BOX COOKERY AT THE FUEL ECONOMY EXHIBITION: SIR GUY CALTHROP (WHO OPENED IT) WITH LADY CALTHROP AND LADY MOIR. Sir Guy Calthrop, the Coal Controller, opened the Fuel Economy Exhibition in Trafalgar Square last week.—[Photograph by Topical.]

footlights. In regard to the dresses, current Parisian opinion seems to be that there is rather too much of them. Well, well, we all have our national habits in these little matters, and, whatever Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett may say to the contrary, Mrs. Grundy is not dead in England. And, even if it were so—"She being dead yet speaketh."

The Victory Ball. Of course, the Victory Ball night was a joy night for Joy Ryde, and I was dragged at the tail of her petticoats to the crush of petticoats around the portals of the Albert Hall. It is a long time since I have seen so many beautiful women together, or such a bewildering medley of dress and colour. Curiously enough, "England" lost her way

before she took up her position in the Patriotic Procession. Strolling through one of the numerous corridors in search of a little quietude and a cigarette, I met a radiant figure in a shimmering gown of silver. It happened to be the Duchess of Westminster, who happened to be "England." "Where am I?" said "England," with a pathetic pout of the lips; so, with the help of some friends, I put England into her place—in the forefront of the procession.

Red Velvet. Joy had quite one of the most eventful and happy nights of her life, because Lady Diana Manners smiled upon her and approved of



A "F.A.N.Y." GIVEN THE CROIX DE GUERRE AND MILITARY MEDAL: MISS MARY STUBBS.

After three years V.A.D. nursing Miss Stubbs drove an ambulance for the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry.

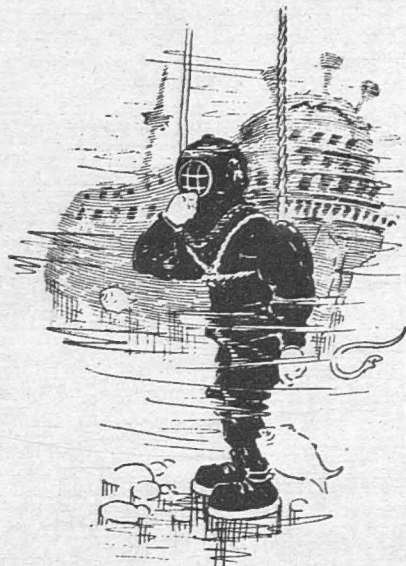
Photograph by Bassano.



RECENTLY ARRIVED IN LONDON: MR. EDWARD N. HURLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE U.S. SHIPPING BOARD.

Photograph by Topical.

have replied, "And the Statue of Loveliness." Another symbolic figure that got one of the biggest receptions of the evening was Mrs. Duveen, who made a glorious "France," attended by Vivandière and a little army of French figures. When the Duchesses and the Patrons had gone through the stately duties of the procession and soberly departed, some of the livelier spirits at the ball asserted themselves. As the night wore on there were one or two quite exciting little episodes on the dance floor; while the love-making in the corridors which was continuously impeding my progress towards my hat and coat was quite touching in the evidence it provided that the ardour of youth has not in any way been impaired by four years' strenuous warfare. Indeed, it seemed to have given an added vigour to their enjoyment.



GETTING WARMER!

"Now the war is over the search for Armada gold and jewels in Tobermory Bay is to be resumed immediately."—*Daily Paper.*



AIR SPORT.

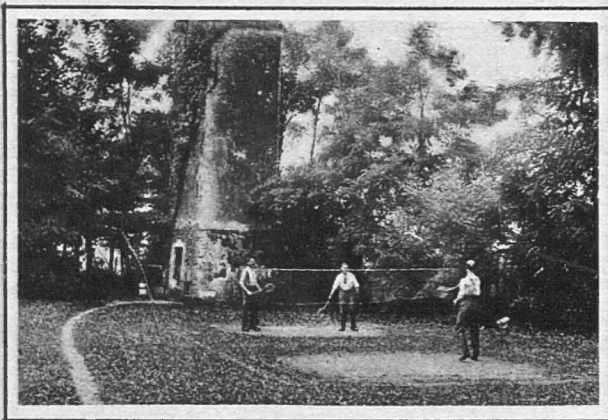
"A San Antonio, Texas, message says that Captain Dawson, commander of Parkfield Aerodrome, shot a deer from an aeroplane and brought the carcass home on his machine."—*Daily Paper.*

her costume. I am not going to attempt to describe Joy's costume, or to hazard a guess as to what it meant. She might have been a golliwog or a gazelle, for all I know. Anyhow, Lady Diana Manners was there, looking richly beautiful in wonderful red robes. All the women fastened their eyes on her red-velvet train, and all the men did their poor best not to tread on it. Having trodden on it twice, I withdrew in bashful confusion and sought concealment in Miss José Collins's red-velvet box. Here was José looking like the Cleopatra of Shakespeare's dreams, with her Southern loveliness set off in a jewelled blaze of diamonds. Viola Tree was in Greek robes—she

always is when

there is the slightest excuse for wearing them—and looked as tall and fair as ever. Most of the dresses were quite inexplicable to me, but that did not matter. The Countess of Drogheda, who seemed to be most elaborately attired, confessed to me that she represented Air.

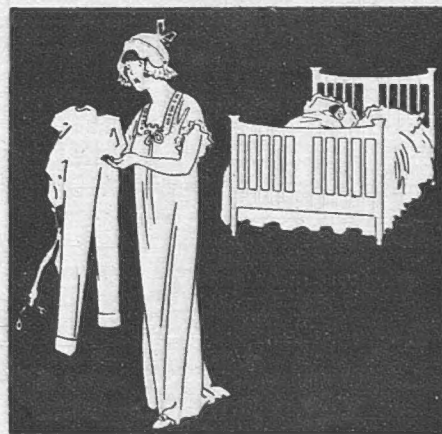
A Beauty Revival. Miss Elizabeth Asquith turned up in her famous Aubrey Beardsley costume. A friend of mine got as near her as he could, considering the barrage of crinoline which she carried, and ventured to ask what she thought of the progress of the General Election. "Oh, please don't be dull on a night like this," she responded in a non-committal manner which suggested her father's famous "Wait-and-See." Another friend asked Elizabeth if she thought there would be a Beardsley revival. On this subject she was more communicative and illuminative. She believes that now the war is over literature and art will emerge from



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN ITALY: A GAME OF BADMINTON IN IDYLIC SURROUNDINGS.—[Official Photograph.]

with a lively sense of anticipation, on her return to England. I wonder if she has put her stockings on since I last saw her. In those days—it was quite the early days of the war—she was walking about Piccadilly with bare legs and golden shoes. She swore solemnly that she would never put her stockings on again until we had won the war, and, although I realised that this was a sort of religious vow, I told her that in all probability she would contract a severe attack of rheumatism before the Peace flags were unfurled. THE WORLDLING.

Polaire the Goody Good. A French friend tells me that Polaire—who is sometimes advertised as the "ugliest woman in the world," and who certainly has the smallest waist I have ever dared to put my arm round—is going to visit us again. "I was not the success I ought to have been in London when I was over there before," said Polaire to a friend of mine the other week, while she was stroking her latest pet, a Siamese cat. "You see, I always played good parts—I was always a good girl—I was too religious for them." At this point the Siamese cat jumped straight into the bath and perished from an excess of sudden and unexpected feline emotion. At any rate, I am waiting to welcome Polaire,



HARDLY WORTH A BLACK EYE.

"A wife has the legal right to explore her husband's pockets and to take what money her needs may require, according to the ruling of Judge E. J. Fleming in the South Side Court, Kansas City. Mrs. Walsh said that she removed 7s. 9d. from the trousers of her husband after he had gone to bed; that Walsh awakened unexpectedly and demanded the return of the money, striking her with his fist."—*Daily Paper.*

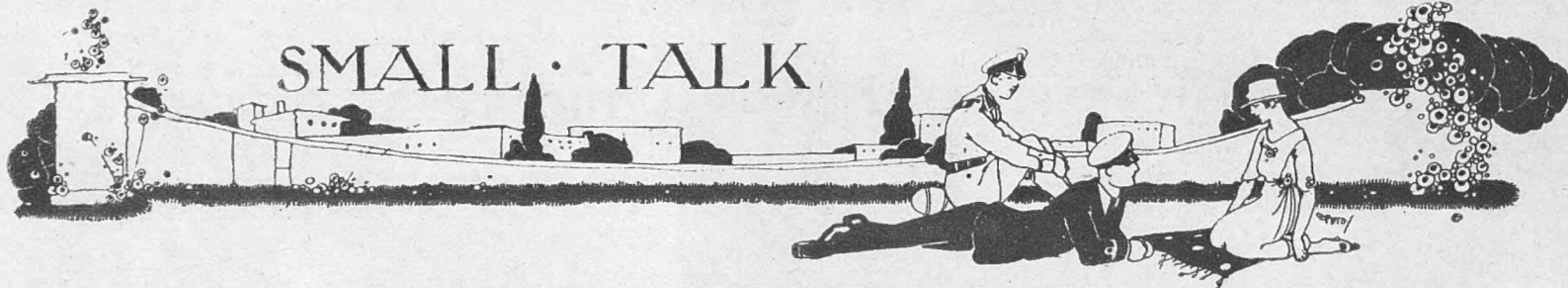


WIFE OF A NEW V.C.: VISCOUNTESS GORT.

Viscount Gort was recently awarded the V.C. for most conspicuous bravery.

Photograph by C.N.

SMALL TALK



COUNT BENTINCK'S anxiety to clear himself from the charge of harbouring the ex-German Emperor and possessing pro-German sympathies is quite natural. He had many friends and not a few relations in London before the war, and has sympathies anything but favourable to the Hun. Though liable by a curious chain of circumstances to military service in the German Army at the beginning of the war, he refused to fight either against the English or the French; and, after the *Lusitania* episode, contrived to shake himself free of his military responsibilities and retire to Holland, taking care to acquaint William II. with his views on German methods of warfare. Whatever his uncle, Count Godard Bentinck, may do, the owner of Middachten has no intention of receiving any German royal exiles at his home.

Youth no Barrier to Social Success. Youth is no bar to social success. Lady Anne Bentinck proved it the other day. Two years is not much to reckon on as ages go, but quite enough to acquit oneself with distinction as bridesmaid, as Lady Anne demonstrated at the wedding of her aunt, Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, now Lady Victoria Wemyss, at the underground chapel at Welbeck Abbey recently. Lady Titchfield's small daughter had, however, to divide honours with Lady Anne Hope, aged four, and her sister, Lady Joan, aged three. Never was such a bevy of youthful bridesmaids; but the Earl of Hopetoun and Lord John Hope proved themselves quite equal to the occasion, and came through the ordeal with an aplomb that many older people might envy.

Herself a Fighter. If eloquence and red-hot enthusiasm could carry a candidate to victory, Mrs. Despard, who is opposing Mr. Morris in North Battersea at the forthcoming election, will surely be reckoned among the first women entitled to write M.P. after their name. The venerable

As for Mr. Collings, the name carries us back to the days when Joseph Chamberlain was considered a dangerous Radical. Mr. Birrell has not been seen since the day when, with tears in his eyes, he announced that his official career was ended by the Dublin rebellion. His popularity with the House was then evidenced by feeling speeches and still more kindly silences, but probably he himself would admit that, while his Front Bench life was not precisely a failure, the time and energy would have been more profitably spent on literary work.

An Absentee Candidate. Sir Mark Sykes, the Coalition candidate for Central Hull, will not conduct his own campaign. He is on his way to Mesopotamia, in company with Sir John Hewett, who made a name as an able servant of the Crown in India, and will probably be entrusted with the administration of the occupied regions. Sir Mark, who is one of the most promising younger members of the Unionist Party, has been engaged in war work of an important but unobtrusive kind, which accounts for his being so little heard of in politics lately. Few men know the Near East so well, and he is understood to be qualifying himself for high office when the appropriate time arrives. A charming writer on travel, Sir Mark is also an effective speaker, and never fails to arrest attention when he addresses the House of Commons.



A ROUMANIAN-IRISH WEDDING: GHYKA-O'CONOR.

The Oratory, Brompton, attracted a large congregation, on Nov. 27, for the marriage of Captain M. Costiesco Ghyska, of the Roumanian Legation, only son of Colonel Matila Costiesco and Princess Mary Ghyska, of Dumbravena, Roumania, and Miss Eileen O'Connor, daughter of the late Sir Nicholas O'Connor, British Ambassador in Constantinople, and Lady O'Connor, of Dundermoss, Co. Roscommon, and 29, Chester Square, S.W. Father Talbot officiated, and the bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. James Hope, was attended by Master Lawrence Kennard, as page, and by the Misses Ismay and Claudia Crichton-Stuart, Miss Meriel Drummond, and Miss Thesiger, as bridesmaids. Colonel Arion, Chief of the Roumanian Government Mission, was best man.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

A Cotton Lord. The late Lord Glentanar was an example of a big fortune made out of a little thing. He was better known as Mr. George Coats, of J. and P. Coats, who have almost monopolised the trade in sewing-cotton. Raised to the peerage in 1916, he is only one of the many successful business men who have hidden their names under new titles. Since the peerage, the price of a reel of cotton has greatly increased, and many women think several Dukedoms could be easily supported on the present cost of this necessary article.



MARRIED ON NOV. 23: TRAILL-HOWDEN.

The marriage of Miss G. M. Howden and Lieutenant Gilbert Traill, M.C., took place on Nov. 23. Lieutenant Traill, M.C., Royal Field Artillery, of Colombo, Ceylon, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert F. Traill, of Broadlands, Tunbridge Wells, and the bride was Miss Gwendoline Howden, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Howden, of Tunbridge Wells.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

lady—who, as President of the Women's Freedom League, played a leading part in the fight for votes for women in the bad old days when Eve, in the strictly legal sense, was not even entitled to call herself a person—comes of a fighting family. She is the sister of Lord French, and, like him, possesses a dogged determination that no amount of opposition or difficulty can shake. It helped the Field-Marshal to steer the "Old Contemptibles" to victory. It will quite probably be the means of landing his sister amongst the legislators at Westminster.

Into Retirement. Mr. Thomas Burt, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Jesse Collings are Members who will no more be seen in the House of Commons. Mr. Burt, the veteran miners' representative and a remarkable man in his way, had grown very feeble, and, though occasionally heard on certain subjects, could hardly be called a working Member.



A MILITARY WEDDING: THORNTHWAITE-CURRIE.

The marriage of Major Frank Thornthwaite, M.C., of the Royal Australian Artillery, and Miss Inez Currie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Currie, Victoria, Australia, took place on Nov. 23, at St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont Street, Belgravia. The ceremony was attended by many friends of the bride and bridegroom.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

A VISITOR TO THE WEST FRONT: THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

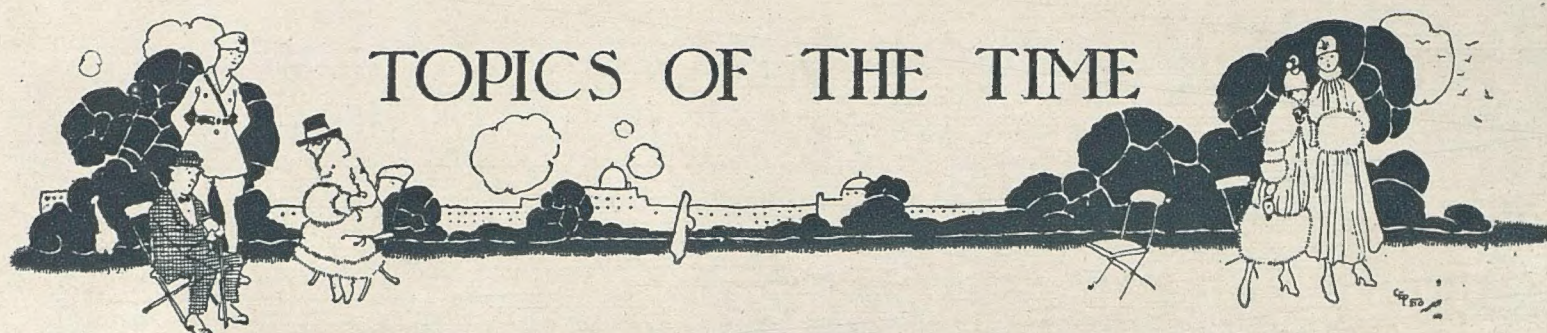


RECENTLY IN THE BATTLE AREA, TO VISIT V.A.D.s AND OTHER WOMEN WORKERS: PRINCESS MARY.

Princess Mary, the only daughter of the King and Queen, has been one of the most interesting figures throughout the course of the war. Although only a girl in her 'teens when war broke like a nightmare into the peaceful life of the world, the young Princess, whose helpful disposition and sympathetic nature are heritages from her Royal mother,

not only began to deputise for the Queen, when the thousand-and-one claims upon her Majesty's time became overwhelming, but to do good service as a V.A.D. nurse. She has just been paying a visit to France, to see for herself the valuable work done by the V.A.D. nurses, and to visit other localities where women are among the active workers.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU AND I, out to do our best, even though we perish in the attempt, are yet a little damped by the Government warnings that Peace, no less than War, calls for the strictest economies. I'm afraid we are going to get awfully tired of the defeats of victory and the burdens of freedom!

I wanted to be gay and spend a little money on a frolic, for Peace I welcomed as a friend who'd done with matters melancholic. But each and every time I tried the situation new to score off, some miserable blighter cried, "Oh, do remember there's a war off!"

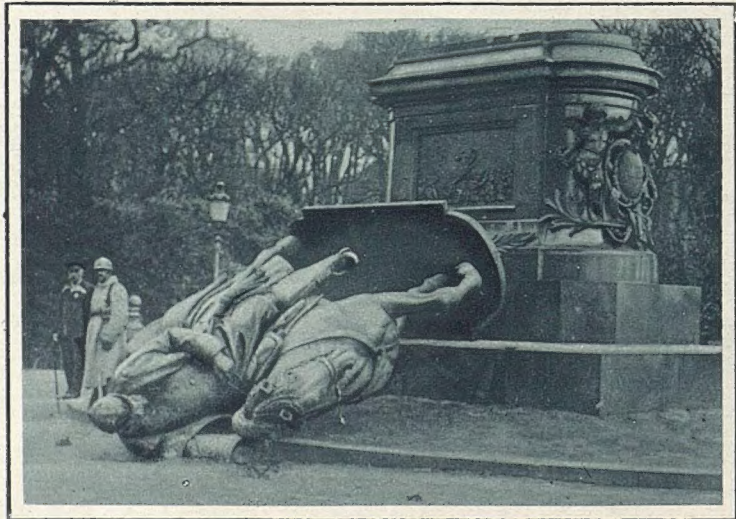
Our newspapers have not been giving us much information lately about the influenza war—is it still being fought?

No longer in the Press one sees the influenza remedies—the "this" and "that" and "those" and "these" that banish its debilities. The welfare of the Nasal Base was once an interesting case; but now we're having in its place "Cessation of Nostrilities!"

Talking of Nasal Victories, have you observed how much fewer the red noses are than they used to be in pre-war times? In woman, the red nose was largely the result of indigestion.

I had noticed Daphne's nose at a meal get the colour of a rose cochineal; and no doubt that little phase of our unrestricted days was the lobster mayonnaise after veal.

Thus the compensating hand, I suppose, here and there about the land freely goes; and though rations may be slight for a healthy appetite, Daphne always has a white little nose!



OVERTHROWN ON THE ENTRY OF MARSHAL PÉTAIN:
THE WILLIAM I. STATUE AT METZ.

Photograph by C.N.

Stormy weather continues all over Germany, and the favourite song of the people is still "Reign, reign, go away."

The Kaiser killed five million men—*five million men for fame!* And there are millions more than ten in blind and halt and lame!—with thousands murdered on the seas, and thousands dead of cruelties!

The Kaiser pillaged where he trod, and left a ghastly track; insulted Faith and blasphemed God, and plunged the World in black! . . . And when he dined with airmen Dutch, they all cried, "Thank you very much!"

High boots are to be higher than ever, and short skirts shorter. So says my daily newspaper. Daphne tells me (and I know from personal observation she is right) that there are three distinct



ON LEAVE: "SAILOR," MASCOT TO ONE OF H.M. DRIFTERS, GOING ASHORE.

"Sailor" is always the first leave-man to go ashore.—[Photograph by Topical.]

lengths to the short skirt as it is at present. There is the standing-up length, which reaches almost to the knee; the sitting-down length, which is a trifle above; and the sitting-down-and-crossing-the-legs length, which is a trifle above a joke.

When Daphne, buying dresses, does the "higher system" stunt, the world will see a very pretty sight. Her plan will be to shorten them a little bit in front as winter boots go creeping up in height. At first they'll be no higher than the dimple on her knee—it's made by the patella standing out; but when the boots grow longer, we shall see what we shall see—another inch or two or thereabout!

To Daphne you'll be running when the boots go higher yet and nibble off another inch of frock, for Daphne is the model of a fashionable set, and moves beside the minutes of the clock! So when the boots of Daphne you eventually find are half-way up the femur, so to say, you may as well submit yourself to making up your mind to throw your skirts and petticoats away!

"HARE SHOT FROM AEROPLANE"—but it was nothing to make a head-line about! We have been shooting *Herrs* from aeroplanes for quite a long time, now!

It looks to me as if these hare-raids were going to be as dangerous as the others!

A farmer lay among his turnips dead; up yonder stark his sturdy stockman lay, and near the oast-house, with a shattered head, was stretched the carter by his load of hay. Nor would the odd man work again the arm on hedge and haystack for his fitful wage—for there had recently flown o'er the farm a shooting party in a Handley-Page!

A. B. M.

THE DISTAFF SIDE: SOME WELL-KNOWN WAR-WORKERS.



AN ASSIDUOUS NURSE: LADY PHYLLIS
WINDSOR-CLIVE.



NURSING AT BOULOGNE: THE HON. MRS.
JULIUS ARKWRIGHT.



A TEACHER OF THE BLIND: MISS MARY
HELLIER.



IN THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT:
MISS YVONNE FITZ-ROY.

Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Plymouth, has been nursing for some time past in a hospital in London. Her younger brother, Lieutenant the Hon. Archer Windsor-Clive, was in the Coldstream Guards, and was killed in action in 1914.—The Hon. Mrs. Julius Arkwright has been working as a nurse in Boulogne.—Miss

Mary Louise Hellier is teaching Braille and typewriting to blinded soldiers in Paris.—Miss Yvonne Fitz-Roy is the daughter of Lady and Sir Almeric Fitz-Roy, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., Clerk of the Privy Council. Throughout the war Miss Fitz-Roy has been an energetic worker, and is now serving in the Intelligence Department at the Admiralty.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 4, by Hugh Cecil; Nos. 2 and 3, by E. O. Hoppé.



THE Bentincks have lately leapt into a very international fame. Dutch William brought them to England, and in so doing did England a good turn. Dukes of Portland have been romantic figures, even the Duke who loved to live underground at Welbeck. Lord George Bentinck was a sportsman whose "superb groan," when the horse he had relinquished on political grounds won the Derby, is still supposed to be heard on Derby Day in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. The present Duke of Portland combines his love of sport with his duty to the State—he has twice been Master of the Horse. The marriage of his daughter, Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, with Captain Wemyss on Nov. 25 did not pass unremarked by the preoccupied Dutch cousins, of whom one is the host of the Kaiser at Amerongen. This is Count Godard Bentinck, and not, as many papers reported, Count William, who lives at Middachten. Count William would not, in fact, find the Kaiser a very congenial guest, for he was born in England, and has had warm sympathy with the cause of his English cousins and the Allies in general ever since the beginning of the war.



ENGAGED: MR. W. J. PRESTON, R.F.A.—MISS PHYLLIS MONICA HODGSON-JONES.

Mr. William G. Preston, R.F.A., is the only son of the late Dr. T. J. Preston, R.N., and Mrs. Preston, St. John's Park, Blackheath. Miss Phyllis Hodgson-Jones is the younger daughter of the Rev. F. Hodgson-Jones, of Kersal, Manchester.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]



of staying at home to share in Peace festivities, she started for France in her V.A.D. dress to visit the hospitals worked—if one may not say manned—by women. And when the King, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Albert followed her to France, it was not for fun! Indeed, travelling for pleasure seems still to be not merely far from actual experience, but far from anybody's thoughts.

Double His Salary.

Much McAdoo about nothing! So one supposes when one hears that the clever American Secretary to the Treasury, who has officially raised thousands of millions of pounds, resigns his office because he cannot afford the increased prices of life in Washington! Ministers in England do not always in private live up to their official rôle. Mr. Gladstone passed as a great Chancellor of the Exchequer, but his own finances were supposed to be rather badly managed, and he had to sell his collection of china to pay, it was said, his expenses at No. 11, Carlton House Terrace. But a British Budget then dealt with only an annual seventy millions, or some such bagatelle! Mr. McAdoo's Fourth Liberty Loan exceeded our own best effort by £300,000,000. That is some money, and a man who can raise it is surely worth a "living wage" even in Washington. The pathetic cock that crows in Rostand's play believes that he causes the sun to rise. But the retiring Treasury Secretary had only to say his McAdoodledo and he really did raise a golden mountain.

The Afforders.

Mr. Henry Ford, at any rate, can well afford to face even Washington prices; but he too has joined the ranks of the retirers. There is a touch of romance in the making of this mammoth man of business. On one of his properties he has a lake kept at an even temperature all the year—for wild birds. And there are bins of corn, with the lids a little raised—for the rats. A friend asked why the corn was not just scattered on the ground, but Mr. Ford had his theory: "They think they are stealing it, and they enjoy it more." Another American, Mr. Russell Sage, bought an island off the coast of Texas as a resting-ground for birds of passage.

With the Colours.

The triumph of the colours in the field is to have its reflection in the colours, more triumphant than ever before, worn by women both in and out of doors. The Duchess of Rutland has lately been seen a good deal in a costume of dead-leaf-brown velvet—one of the few women dressed with an eye to harmonising with natural effects. Nothing could be more "seasonable." But "barbaric pearl and gold" are the order of the day, and what Roger Fry has done for decorative furniture milliners are now achieving for the living figures in drawing-rooms. The lover of paradox may see something to his mind in the return to barbaric colours on the part of a nation just out of a war against "barbarism." But pearls are not really barbaric, whatever Milton might say.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER IN THE INDIAN ARMY: MRS. NEVILLE ROLFE. Mrs. Neville Rolfe, of whom we give a new and striking portrait, is the wife of Captain A. Neville Rolfe, of the 5th Gurkha Rifles.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

the knack of letting other people do the chatter while she did the work. Many hundreds of patients in those green huts of hers were the gainers thereby. The Duchess left most of her ornaments behind her in London; but she returns with quite a new outfit of stars and ribbons, the gifts of two grateful Governments.

In the New Fashion.

In place of many other hospitalities—in that serious hospital sense of the word—the ordinary routine of London's entertaining begins to assert itself, so far as the Food Controller and the Petrol Controller allow. Dancing at any rate has begun again, though the dances in Arlington Street that struggled through all the duller days have been discontinued by Lady Wimborne, now in mourning for her father. All the same, everyone notices that the old zest in entertaining will take a long time to revive. Man did not really seem to be a dancing animal even at a very smart Victory Ball; and girls who have been doing vital things find it really hard to frivol. The Princess Mary set and fixed a fashion of persisting seriousness when, instead

Hospitalities.

Since the need for it no longer exists, and not an hour sooner, Millicent Duchess of Sutherland closes down her hospital in France. It was begun in Belgium under enemy fire—and under what may be less dangerous, though more exasperating, a certain amount of fire from friends at home. What did the Duchess know about nursing? And, come to think of it, what a little way would her £6000 a year go in such an enterprise! And then the war might drag on for a couple of years, and how unlikely that her enthusiasm would last so long! Certainly she looked wonderfully well in her new costume, but the habit did not make the nurse! So they talked.

But the Duchess had



A PATRONESS OF THE VICTORY BALL: LADY IDINA WALLACE.

Lady Idina Wallace was a patroness of the great Victory Ball, held at the Albert Hall, on Wednesday, Nov. 27, which caused so much interest throughout Society.

Photograph by Compton Collier.



WORKER AT A CANTEN: MISS NATALIE COURTENAY. Miss Courtenay, who has been working at a canteen since the outbreak of war, is the only child of Brigadier-General Courtenay and Mrs. Courtenay, of Eaton Terrace, and is a cousin of the Earl of Devon.

Photograph by Yewonde.

GLORIOUS FRANCE: A VICTORY BALL IMPERSONATION.



AS "FRANCE" IN THE PROCESSION AT THE VICTORY BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL: MRS. LOUIS DUVEEN.

The principal item in the programme of the great Victory Ball at the Albert Hall last Wednesday night was a procession in national and symbolic costume representing Allied countries and various aspects of

the war. Our photograph shows Mrs. Louis Duveen, of 7, Park Lane, in the costume which she wore impersonating France—one of the most striking creations.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

HOW sedate we all are about It, aren't we? You might think, to look at us, that It hadn't been signed after all, and that none of us had noticed anything at all out of the ordinary in the papers. But (with the exception of a slight noise in the evenings in the neighbourhood of S.W.1) it's a way we have in the Metropolitan Police District, isn't it? Nine thrones go phut, the early spring Republics pop up like crocuses, and old gentlemen in the Underground ask you angrily what you mean, Sir, by looking over their evening paper, Sir, confound you. It is, as Napoleon or Mr. Garvin or one of those people observed, a great race; but if its inside was anything in the least like its outside, it would never have managed to do any of the things that it does. And it does them. And it is pleased about it. And we are going to have a Good Time. So there.

The Victory Ball is rolling away into the distance, now, and Christmas, as the appeals for the Gasfitters' Finishers' Goose Club say, will soon be upon us—lots of it, and without coupons. And there are still a few people left in England with a firm determination to keep cheerful with all the lights on and the blinds up. Dancing has ceased to be a criminal offence, and the cracker merchants have abandoned the manufacture of smoke displays for Keyes' Benefit at Zeebrugge. So we are probably in for what those Xmas numbers that we read in the train last June used to call the Gay Season. Most of us will have left off sneezing by then, and if we feel our diluted spirits beginning to drop below proof, we can always take the train past Dalmeny and have a look at where the German Fleet came in, or walk up the Mall and wrench the breech-block out of the Austrian mountain-gun, and then we shall smile again, shan't we? By the way, all the young couples in England seem to be lining their nests with those jolly leather cushions off the seats of the Prussian field-artillery. This is what kind Mr. Dfage might call a Simple System of Furnishing.

Lots of little ladies in the chorus are learning to tilt their caps with the Beatty touch, and every theatrical manager is reported to be hard at work now putting the whiskers on the Hindenburg big-heads for "Jack the Giant-Killer." The shaving of Tirpitz, which was one of the most tragic episodes of the German Revolution, will deprive several pantomimes of their brightest star. (Why shouldn't a beard be a star, anyway? There

was once a classical lady's curl that turned into one.) It also knocks the bottom out of the story that the Admiral had signed a six-months contract with Mr. George R. Sims to sit in a shop-window, and do the "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair" act twice daily, like the lovely ladies used to in Regent Street. And it is seriously regarded in High Military Quarters, because several of our Lads who devoted the year 1913 to producing those lovely fluffy ones were hoping to get away from the King's Regulations and resume their facial horticulture. But now they are watching the spread of "Bolshevism"—as they choose to call it—with apprehension that is positively personal; wouldn't it be dreadful for young members of the House of Lords to be publicly shaved on a scaffold in Parliament Square? But the sad event has caused flutters even higher than that. They say that He keeps waking up in the stillly night at Amerongen and feeling Them to see if They are still there, because a member of the Spartakus Group might get busy with a razor and tamper with Our never-to-be-forgotten face-fittings. Poor Fatherland!



THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION: SEALING THE WRITS AT THE CROWN OFFICE, HOUSE OF LORDS.

Photograph by L.N.A.

Our uncles (Lib. Coal., or U. unopp.) sit in the study all day and re-write old speeches for delivery to faithful electors in draughty schoolrooms, while the rest of us lick our little tongues dry getting

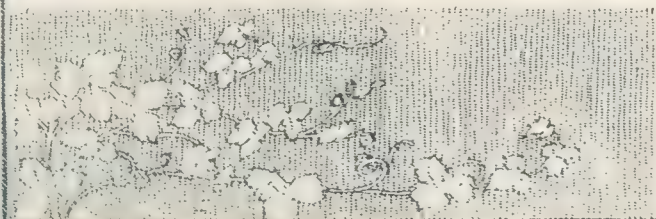
that magnificent Address into the post. But London isn't quite played out yet. All the domed foreheads of all the high-brows were fairly gleaming with intelligence the other day at the Sterling Mackinlay concert, whilst everybody else was in St. Martin's Lane for the new ballet. The Russians (I mean our own delightful Mensheviks) have emphatically found what Father William used to call their Place in the Sun. There were five suns on the scenery alone (three of which were painfully cross-eyed), and they shone pitilessly on a charming absence of plot on the stage and presence of paragraphees in the stalls. Zoia Rosovsky (if the Programme cannot spell her name right, I fail to see how I can be expected to) is a great acquisition as a "Voice off," rumours of which should cheer Diaghileff through his flu, and Massine

cymballing with two golden suns completed the delightful reiteration by the entire troupe that there is, in the undying words of the late Mr. Pelissier, a sun still shining in the sky. Isn't there just?



THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION: DELIVERING THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION TO SIR CLAUD SCHUSTER, PERMANENT SECRETARY OF THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR'S DEPARTMENT, HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE VICTORY BALL: TWO NOTABLE FANCY COSTUMES.



1. IN THE COSTUME WHICH SHE WORE AT THE VICTORY BALL: MRS. JACK.

2. AS AMERICA: MRS. LIONEL HARRIS IN HER VICTORY BALL COSTUME.

The success of the "Victory" Ball at the Albert Hall was assured, on the financial side, some time before the actual date (Nov. 27), by the sale of tickets and boxes, and £10,000 had been placed in the bank the previous

week towards the Nation's Fund for Nurses, in aid of which the Ball was arranged. The special feature of the occasion was a spectacular procession of national types and costumes, in which many well-known people took part.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

THE LATEST RUSSIAN BALLET: AT TH



THE SNOW MAIDEN OF "THE MIDNIGHT SUN": I

"The Midnight Sun," produced the other day at the London Coliseum, is new to England, and one of the most delightful of the Russian Ballet's productions. It is set in pagan Russia, and deals with the ceremonies and dances which hail the yearly coming of Yarilo, the Sun God. It is a splendid opportunity for the dancers, and Mme. Lopokova takes full advantage of this. Her grace and verve are unsurpassed, and her costume, as well as

THE COMING OF YARILO, THE SUN GOD.



MME. LYDIA LOPOKOVA, AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

those of the entire company, is a sheer delight to the eyes, being a combination of really bright, clean, vital colours. A new feature of the ballet was the singing by Mme. Zola Rosovsky of two songs, one a sort of accompaniment to Mme. Lopokova's solo dance. This striking combination of unconventional song and dance proved singularly effective. [Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

A SOCIETY MARRIAGE : WEMYSS — CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.



LADY VICTORIA BENTINCK'S WEDDING AT WELBECK ABBEY : BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES.

The social event *par excellence* of last week was the marriage of Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, to Captain Michael John Wemyss, Royal Horse Guards. It took place in Welbeck Abbey chapel, on Nov. 25, and a large house-party and others filled the building. Our photograph is of some of

the bridesmaids—namely, the tallest of them, Miss Alice Bentinck, the smallest (aged two), the Comtesse Resy de Baillet-Latour, Lady Anne Hope (left), and Lady Joan Hope (right); and the two little pages are the Earl of Hopetoun (extreme right) and Lord John Hope (left), both in Court costume. Lady Victoria was in white satin.

Photograph by the Farrington Photo. Co.

A SOCIETY MARRIAGE : WEMYSS--CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT WELBECK ABBEY : CAPTAIN MICHAEL WEMYSS AND LADY VICTORIA WEMYSS.

Although the wedding, on Nov. 25, of Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, to Captain Michael John Wemyss, Royal Horse Guards, son of the late Mr. Randolph Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, Fifeshire, took place at the unconventionally early hour of 9.30 a.m., Welbeck Abbey Chapel was filled with relatives and friends, and the ceremony was a very pretty

one, five little girls and two little boys acting as bridesmaids and pages. The Duke of Portland gave away his daughter; the Duchess was present, wearing black velvet, and Lady Titchfield was in blue. An interesting feature was the presence of six girls, from Gwynne's Chiswick Aircraft Factory, where the bride worked on munitions, her identity being only revealed by the King's recognition when visiting the factory.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.



PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON

GLADYS PETO

ABOUT BOBBIE BURNS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

WE in France have always held Scotland, and men and things Scottish, in the inner sanctum of our hearts. Historical association goes for much. The patriotism of the Scot is proverbial with us, and we have learned in this war to appreciate the word "perfidy." Well, if you could have seen the burning fire of perfidy which emanated from a Scottish friend when I placed him in Bobbie Burns's father's chair at Agnew's Galleries in Bond Street the other day, you—the Scottish section of my friends—would have been touched. He is a thorough Scot, this friend of mine, and it did my heart good to see him reverently worshipping at the shrine of his national poet. There stood the old grandfather clock which Bobbie must have many times consulted when he anxiously awaited the hour which would hasten him to the side of his "Nannie" or his "Bonnie Jean."

The collection of Burns relics is not only authentic, but impressive. There is a very fine and well-preserved copy of the original Kilmarnock edition of the poet's works, published by John Wilson of that town.

My friend related to me that many years ago he knew an old Scottish lady whose grandfather kept a chemist's shop in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh. She remembered his having told her that the poet and his cronies foregathered in the back shop. He described Burns as a man rather over middle height, of a well-knit figure, and most wonderfully large, lustrous brown eyes; but his face, although well formed and expressive, was deeply marked with small-pox. It was the first time I had heard of this disfigurement; but, strange to say, some days afterwards it was confirmed to me by a literary friend.

I noticed that the original tables are well inscribed by admirers, and with regard to the hieroglyphics, I was told by my friendly Scot that many of them are Masonic.

Would it not be graceful on the part of the Scottish Masonic Lodges to make a point of visiting Agnew's Salon during this exhibition, in order to aid the funds of the Westminster Hospital?

The Baroness d'Erlanger will be one of the members of the new social club to be formed at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith. It is now under the management of Mr. Nigel Playfair, your very clever actor, who is managing director of this playhouse, with

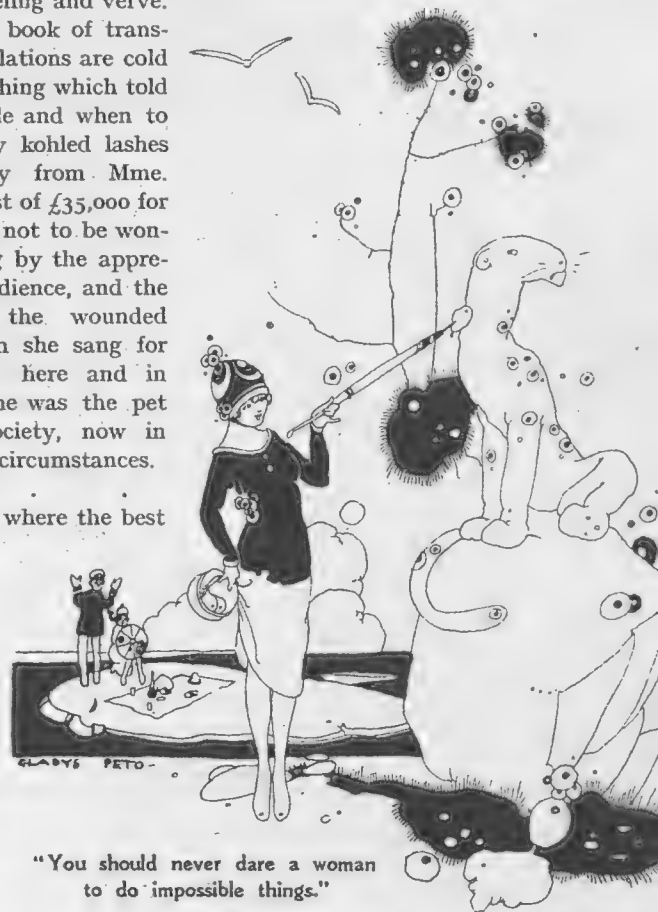
Christmas revue or pantomime. A social club with such clever members ought to help revive the lost art of conversation. The members are not women only; men are allowed. The decoration of the club-room is going to be charming, for the *clou* is Helen Morris's gift of a McEvoy and a Sargent.

Few recitals this season have been as full of charm and picturesqueness as that given by Mme. Lubov Ber at the Æolian Hall on Nov. 23. I don't understand Russian, yet such is the range of the artist's nuances, such her diction and expression, that I could follow the pathos and humour of the folk-songs she rendered with so much feeling and verve. True, I had the book of translation, but translations are cold words, and the thing which told me when to smile and when to be careful of my kohled lashes vibrated entirely from Mme. Ber. Her harvest of £35,000 for the Red Cross is not to be wondered at, judging by the appreciation of her audience, and the enthusiasm of the wounded soldiers to whom she sang for four years both here and in Russia, where she was the pet of Petrograd society, now in such distressing circumstances.

D'you know where the best cocktails in England are to be got? Ah, I knew this would whet your curiosity! Well, not in London the wonderful, but in Liverpool—at the Adelphi Hotel, where the up-to-date American Bar, all

cornflower-blue and white, is one of the favourite cosy corners of the many American naval "yous" stationed there.

How do I know? Ah, *voilà*! I don't see why I shouldn't tell you, though. The other day I received a heartrending letter from one of my "yous" who is learning how to shoot with a musket in the sand dunes of *Hightown*—what's in a name? I wonder that the English Army should still use a musty musket. Why not an arquebus, or a blunderbuss, or a bow and arrow? Still, I leave military matters alone—if not military men! That "you," then, not only had missed all the celebrations of peace in his beloved Piccadilly, but there was he, buried in the sands of displeasure, with a musty musket in his hand and no one—nothing—to look forward to! So he thought of the "yous" friend Phrynette, and wrote to me that if I would not have on my conscience the death of a lonely *filleul* in Liverpool, I should come and dance with him one Saturday evening, else he would succumb to *ennui*, rheumatism, pessimism, stiffness in the joints, neurasthenia, and a crop of chilblains! To die of any one of those complaints is bad enough, but to die under the cruel collection of them! How could I harden my heart? You must never dare a woman to do impossible things, because then she has an excuse to do them—and does! And this is how I went all the way to Liverpool and back to fox-trot with a frozen "you." And the American ones are so amusing. Their language so *imagé*! D'you know how they call their commanding officer? The "Big Noise"—descriptive, isn't it? Next week, if by then I have finished expurgating them, I will tell you some of the stories they were telling each other—not telling me, of course, but I always hear what I shouldn't!



"You should never dare a woman to do impossible things."



"I don't understand Russian."

Mr. Arnold Bennett for Chairman. The Baroness will help to make the club-room quite a salon. Sir Guy Chetwynd's first wife, Rosa Lynd, is another member, and she is also due to play a part in the

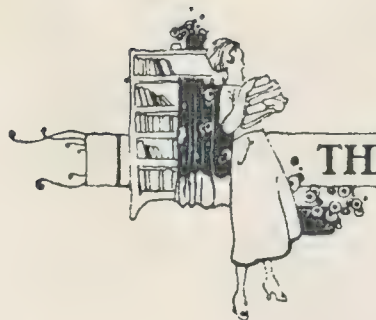


THE WEDDING OF THE HON. PHYLLIS BUXTON, O.B.E., AND THE REV. MAURICE PONSONBY: THE BRIDAL PARTY AT PRETORIA.

The wedding took place in the Cathedral, Pretoria, on Sept. 24. The bride is Viscount Buxton's eldest daughter by his first wife. The bridegroom, who was Military Chaplain with the Guards in Flanders from 1914 to 1917, and was wounded on the Somme, is a son of the Hon. Edwin Ponsonby, brother of Lord de Mauley. The little

bridesmaids were the Hon. Alethea Buxton, Miss Annie de Waal (grand-daughter of General Botha), Miss Sylma Smuts (daughter of General Smuts), Miss Aletta de Wet (daughter of the Minister of Justice), Miss Petronella Mentz, and Miss Francesca Garraway (daughter of the Resident Commissioner of Basutoland).

Photograph by Leon Lenson.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



EVERYBODY is saying that the day of the war books is over—that the public is turning its back on them, and wants to read about something else now. But reading them has become too much of a habit to be broken with at once, just because the war happens to be finished. They are still coming out, and still selling; and there are so many more of them ready or so nearly ready to come out that nothing short of an Act of Parliament can stop them. But it is not closing time for them yet.

You don't need to start the war again in order to arouse your interest in such a book as "On Four Fronts with the Royal Naval Division"—a lively, delightfully entertaining account of the formation and constitution of the R.N.D., and of what it has done at Antwerp, Gallipoli, Salonika, and in France. The authors are R.N. surgeons, and write of their experiences with the finest sympathy and admiration for the men they worked among, and with a sense of humour that adds both to the point and the poignancy of their anecdotes. There is an excellent chapter on the psychology of the soldier—a very acute study of the average Tommy.

I have been much taken with "A Soldier's Letters from the Front." Lieutenant Stephen Hewett, who wrote them to his people at home, was evidently as genial as he was shrewdly observant; his graphic, intimate descriptions are coloured with just those illuminating, anecdotal touches which make the picture alive. "The lady of the house where we were billeted in this place," he says, "was a very decent sort, with a most delightful little boy. . . . There is still a plate on the front door with his father's name on it; but he won't see his father again." And, sketching the interior of his dug-out, he remarks in passing, "It is quite amazing how one gets accustomed to things one would have made a huge fuss about at home. For example, my neighbour at table has just upset his chop on the floor, has picked it up, and is eating it with added relish."

I am not going to discuss "Claude's Book"—a record of the communications made by a young airman, killed in the war, to his mother through a spirit medium. He tells of Pink and Blue and Yellow countries that are in the other world, and the life he is living there. A chronicle that those who are studying spiritualistic phenomena should not overlook.

It was a happy notion to compile from his letters, diaries, and sayings an anthology of the wit and wisdom, the sturdy beliefs and opinions of our greatest Admiral, and in "The Nelson Touch" there is much stimulating counsel that is applicable to our day as it was to his. There were occasions, perhaps, when he ought to have snaffled his optimism, as when he laid it down that "an honest man must always in time get the better of a villain"; but he was under no such illusion about politics and politicians. "I have done with politics," he writes in disgust to his brother; and he

found that in Austria "the politics of Courts are so mean that private persons would be ashamed to act in the same way."

That was a hundred years ago, and all the politicians Nelson knew are dead; but I gather from the autobiography of A. G. Hales, "My Life of Adventure," that politicians are "all alike in the main, some a little worse than the others, but pancake politicians all of them—ready at a moment's notice to turn over when done brown on one side." Everybody says that about them, and there are so many that it is bound to be true of some. Mr. Hales has never been one himself, but he has been pretty well everything else. He has been a gold and a silver miner, a jockey, an actor, a lecturer, a Macedonian warrior, a war-correspondent, a dramatist, to say no more, and he is a journalist and a novelist, as everybody knows. He seems to have crammed a dozen lives into one, and enjoyed them all. And his story develops into as lively, unconventional, and enjoyable an autobiography as ever got between covers. The only good start he had in life was given to him by his father, a dour Australian pioneer, who, for sufficient reasons, one day led him down to the garden fence by the ear and—in short, as

the author puts it, "I went—most everything went when the dear old man kicked. It was a rapid start in life, and I had earned it. I have read in the Bible that the Prodigal Son, when he had wasted what his father had given him, went back for more; he would not have done that if he'd had my father." You don't expect the career that begins like this to be a tame one—and it was not.

"The Adorable Lad" of Keble Howard's stories is, of course, Cupid, and the stories—particularly "Love in the Office," with its

cunning blend of business, sensation, and charmingly sentimental romance—make good his claim to that title; but he is by no means adorable in Miss Mears's "The Flapper's Mother"—his treatment of the poor little flapper, who gives her heart and herself to a man who is bored by an invalid wife, is not pretty, but it is cleverly told. So, too, is "Yesterday," in which again Cupid is not adorable, but more excusable, for Barbara Frayne is an exasperating heroine, and hardly deserved to fall into happiness on the last page, when Douglas caught hold of her and cried; "To the devil with explanations!" But

it keeps you interested and amused, and there is a sting in the tail of a good many of his epigrammatic comments.

BOOKS TO READ.

- On Four Fronts with the Royal Naval Division. By Geoffrey Sparrow, M.C., and J. N. Macbean Ross. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 A Scholar's Letters from the Front. By Stephen H. Hewett. (Longmans.)
 Claude's Book. By Mrs. Kelway Bamber. With Introductory Letter by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen.)
 The Nelson Touch. By Walter Jerrold. Introduction by H. W. Wilson. (Murray.)
 My Life of Adventure. By A. G. Hales. (Hodder.)
 The Adorable Lad. By Keble Howard. (Melrose.)
 The Flapper's Mother. By Madge Mears. (John Lane.)
 Yesterday. By Winifred Boggs. (Herbert Jenkins.)



WITH THE WEST KENT: AFTER THE KILL—A. E. COLEBROOKE, THE WHIP, TYING THE MASK TO HIS SADDLE

Photograph by S. and G.



WITH THE WEST KENT, AT UNDER RIVER, NEAR SEVENOAKS: MR. DAVIDSON AND MRS. BOLSTER, WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS, ARRIVING AT THE MEET.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



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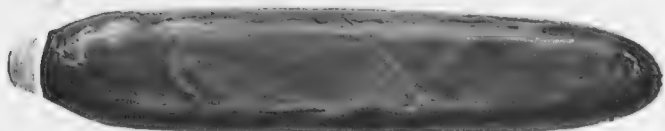
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OUR SEA-GOING AEROPLANES.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

PICTURES in various papers of late have disclosed to an admiring public the world over the quaint outward seeming of our latest aeroplane-carrying ships, *Argus* and *Furious*. It is quite a long time—months before the armistice broke out, and before the Censorship was lifted from the Silent Navy, so that its admirers could say as much as they liked about it—since a newspaper correspondent described an aeroplane starting off a platform on a war-ship, as a demonstration before King George of the new style of sea-flying; but this is the first time people have been allowed to see these comic platforms in print. Of course, hundreds of thousands of 'long-shore folk have seen them, and thousands of those good neutral "schippers" who used to go and tell the Germans all about them; but never has the British tax-payer been allowed to rejoice his heart in their unredeemed ugliness, nor to see what the young gentlemen of the Royal Naval Air Service were doing with his money.

New "Scenic Railways." Truth to tell, there seems, to the outward eye, precious little difference, except in size, between the modern arrangement and the old "scenic railway," as we used to call it, which was erected on the old *Hibernia* in 1912, from which those gallant officers, Lieutenants Samson, Gregory, and Malone launched themselves into the air on ordinary shore-going box-kite biplanes built by the Brothers Shortt in the almost prehistoric days of aviation. Lieutenant Samson was, one believes, the first aviator to get off a moving ship in an aeroplane, and the fact deserves to go down to history. But even before his day—in 1911, to wit—one Eugen Ely, an early American aviator (since dead), performed the feat of leaving the deck of an anchored ship and landing on the shore; and soon afterwards put up the more difficult feat of flying off an aerodrome and alighting on the deck of a ship, the U.S. cruiser *Pennsylvania*—not the modern ship, but the older one since renamed *Pittsburg*.

The "Furious." Of course, for ocean-going air-scouts, launching off the deck of a fast ship is the only really practical way of going to work, for a high-speed aeroplane can leap off the deck of a long ship like the *Furious* long before it has reached her bows; and the stronger the wind into which the ship is steaming, the quicker the aeroplane can get off. In anything like windy weather, the older type seaplane with floats, or the ordinary flying-boat, is heavily handicapped, because, although it might be well

a little skill in manœuvring in relation to the wind, the fastest scout machine can alight on it safely; and the ship herself is so big that she does not pitch noticeably, except in a very heavy sea.

Seaplanes and Flying-Boats.

On the other hand, for coast-patrol work and for submarine searching in narrow waters—say, up to 200 miles wide—the seaplane and the flying-boat have things all their own way. The modern twin-float seaplane can be made as fast and as manœuvrable as any aeroplane with wheels. The little Brandenburg seaplanes turned out by the Germans during the past twelve months have been particularly



WHERE ENEMY MACHINES WERE PREVENTED FROM RISING: AT A TURKISH AERODROME AT JENIN!—[Official Photograph.]

good in this respect, though, as a matter of fact, certain of our own seaplanes are able to knock spots off them for pace and stunt-flying—if allowed to do so. Some of our latest small flying-boats have also been remarkably good, though, perhaps, not appreciated at their full worth. And these little chaps have the advantage that if they do "get into the ditch"—as the sea-fliers call coming down at sea—they have a sporting chance of getting off again, provided that they can repair the damage which brought them down.

Aeroplanes Launched Off Ships. The aeroplanes launched off ships, on the other hand, if once in the ditch, have to stay there till picked up, either by friends or enemies. They do not sink, it is true, for they are equipped with special floating gear, which, if in proper working order, will keep them afloat for days; but one believes that the extra weight and other disadvantages of this gear result in the machines being actually slower than a properly designed seaplane of the same power would be. And, after all, there seems no insuperable difficulty in making a seaplane or a flying-boat so that it can be launched from a deck, and even return to it. So evidently there is still room for a little ingenuity in the development of seaplanes-of-war and ships to carry them.

WRECKED! AN ENEMY HANGAR AT ST. DENIS WESTREM AERODROME.
Official Photograph.

able to get off the sea, in spite of the waves, it stands too much chance of being smashed against the ship's side when it is lowered into the water by its derrick and before it can get away from the ship under its own power. Likewise, though a seaplane or flying-boat may get away safely, the wind and sea may get up while it is out on patrol, and it may easily be smashed while it is trying to get near enough to the ship to be picked out of the water. On the other hand, the deck of a ship like the *Furious* is so long that, with

and we may yet see the Transatlantic steamers carrying launching platforms for aeroplanes long before the Atlantic is flown more than once a month or so. By sending out fast aeroplanes from the furthest shore point to drop late-fee mails on board ships 300 miles or so out from their port of departure, one could save a full two days on each journey, so the development of the ship-aeroplane, as distinct from the ordinary seaplane or land aeroplane, is quite worth while.

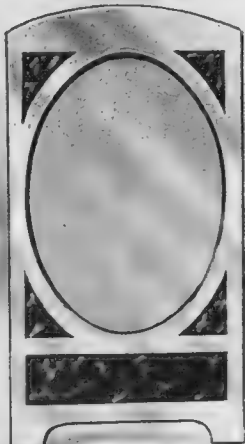
The Atlantic. Some sensible person has suggested that, before we start flying the Atlantic as a regular thing, we can make aeroplanes quite useful by sending them off from the mail steamers when 300 miles or so from shore, carrying special mails, so that these letters will reach the land in three hours instead of in twenty-four hours, and thus give the recipients a chance of replying by the very next post. The idea is well worth considering,



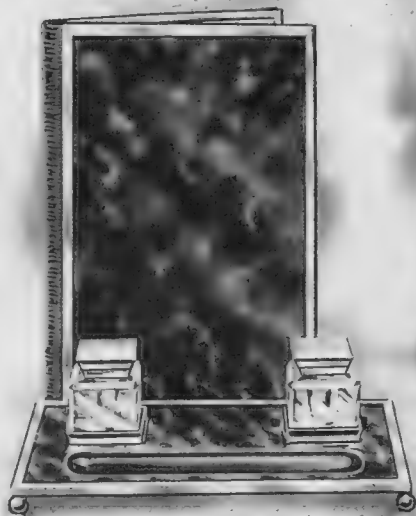
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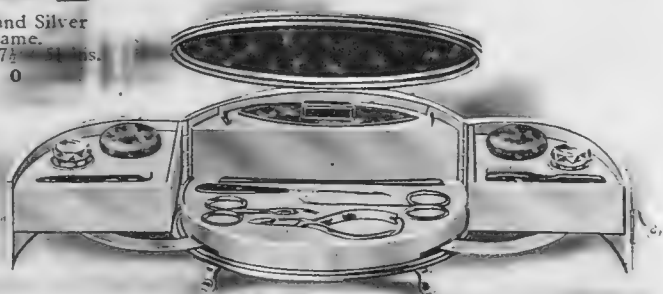
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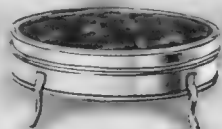
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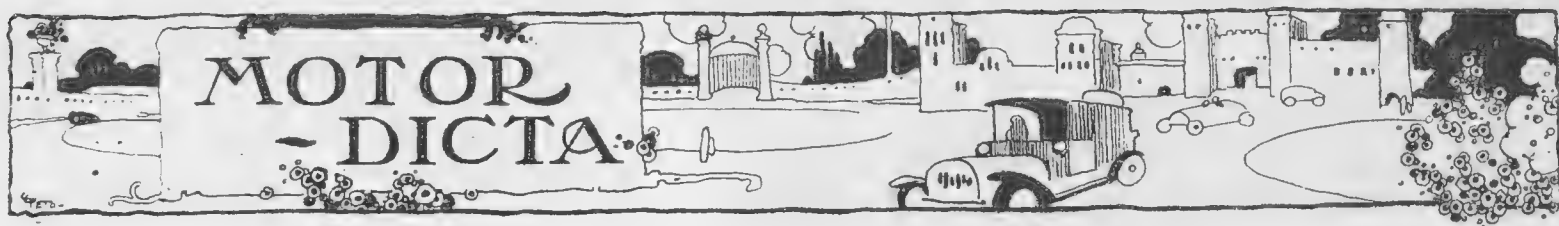
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NEXT YEAR'S SHOWS: A TARIFF? DYING DORA. By GERALD BISS.

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has not been long in showing its hand—and a full house into the bargain—and, as I opined two or three weeks back, shows are to be very much the order of the day in the First Year of Peace (A.D. 1919 old reckoning). Yes, not one show, but four shows, the first last and the last first—which, being interpreted, is the good old car exhibition next November, and the young aero exhibition in the spring—with, possibly, a little more urgency behind the latter, in order to preserve a right of way, so to speak; but that's another story, and lies in Mr. Grey's department.

Motor-Boats and "Commer" Cars. In between the earth and the air will come the marine and "all that in them is," catering for trawling and trade purposes as well as for the merry motor-boat of mere pleasure; and, fourthly and lastly, the "heavies" of the commercial world, of the earth earthy—but oh, so important in the horribly practical age in front of us, with fun and frivolity in one-per-cent. solution, and everybody camouflaged as a manual labourer to prevent suspension from the nearest lamp-post under the raw red flag of ebullient Bolshevism! In this last-named serious show agricultural motors and motor-tractors are "likely" to be included; but here again, despite the compulsory millennium by Act of Parliament ahead of us, I can see fierce fighting in the offing over the "bond" of the S.M.M.T. between provincial agricultural shows and the Society, and the older and the newer sections of traders in agricultural implements. However, peace hath its victories; and it would appear as though the S.M.M.T. intends to bob up on the right side somehow by putting a fine omnibus programme forward early, to cater for all sorts and conditions of internal combustibles.

France and America. Frankly, I doubt whether the British industry in the main could be ready much before November with its pukka post-war models—the real thing, and no mere intermediates; but France, who should know her own business best, is plumping for a revival

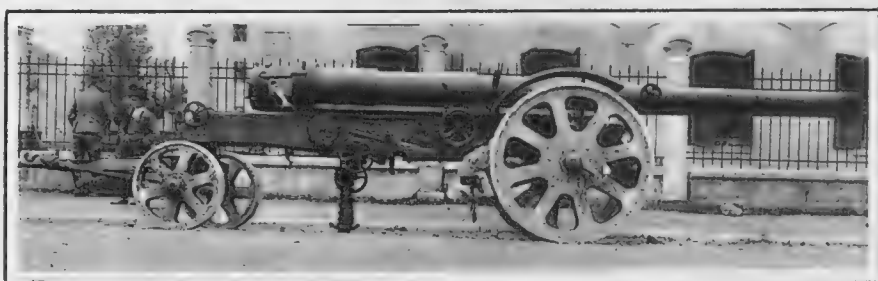


FOR USE BY THE MOTOR-CAR'S PREDECESSOR! HORSE-SHOES LEFT BEHIND BY THE FLEEING AUSTRIANS.—[Official Photograph.]

of her famous Salon in the spring, whereby many of the makers who see themselves far enough ahead hope to get a good start in the great race of nations. Further, our Gallic Allies talk of a revival of road-racing next year, to give things an extra fillip, which shows their buoyancy of temperament after all they and their country have gone through. America talks both of

shows and of racing; and she has, in comparison, had little to interrupt her in many ways, and should certainly be able to get off the mark more quickly as a whole than any of the Allies or—the other people who don't count in these days.

Brooklands. Of a Brooklands revival I have heard no word yet, and my great fear is that the track will want a very great deal done to it, if not practical re-making, after



MOVED BY MOTOR-TRACTION: AN AUSTRIAN HEAVY GUN CAPTURED IN ITALY.
Official Photograph.

four years of pretty rough war usage and very little attention, on top of the none too good condition it was in before the war. An announcement from this quarter will be awaited with great interest by many, as, apart from the purely sporting aspect, the track undoubtedly played a big part in bringing the British engine right out on top of the whole world of automobiles.

A Protective Tariff. As for the comparative future of the British and other industries, these are early days to discuss details; but it is interesting to note, in conjunction with Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition postulate that all essential industries should be preserved and sustained, and dumping prevented, that Mr. David Beecroft, editor of the *Motor Age* and other important Yankee auto-papers, who was one of our recent batch of visiting editors, said that in America they anticipated a "30 to 40 per cent. tariff on motors for a period of at least five years." It shows that our Allies face the obvious fairness of such a rebuilding proposition; and, after all, it is certainly no worse than what we, with our comparatively limited output, were asked to face across the Atlantic before the war.

Death Throes of Dora. Dying Dora is yielding only inch by inch; and why should she so tenaciously stick to the embargo upon motor-lights? It is as absurd as it is dangerous, now that the obvious war reasons have ceased to exist; and the poor down-trodden motorist, after four-and-a-half years of it patiently and patriotically borne, is parlous near kicking. And why can't the Government in common fairness take off the eight-pence a gallon war-insurance risk, to say nothing of the sixpenny war tax? Not so officialdom! On the other hand rather, Scotland Yard bids motorists look to their identification marks—I nearly wrote "discs"—lest they get into trouble; and it is said that the L.C.C. intend as an "act of grace" only to charge half-duty upon cars granted petrol before the end of the year, regardless of the fact that no rebate was given on cars summarily pushed off the road in

1917! Oh, the generosity of only a six-months' charge for one month's strictly rationed and limited running! If you have a little petrol hoard you haven't been allowed to use and reveal it to the Berkeley Bureaucracy, you may be allowed to use it. Perhaps this is to tempt unsuspecting motorists to take out a license for one month at the price of six?



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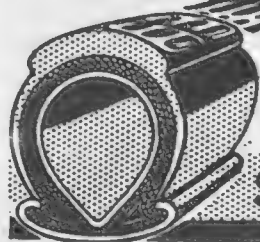


THE TEST OF THE GRIP.

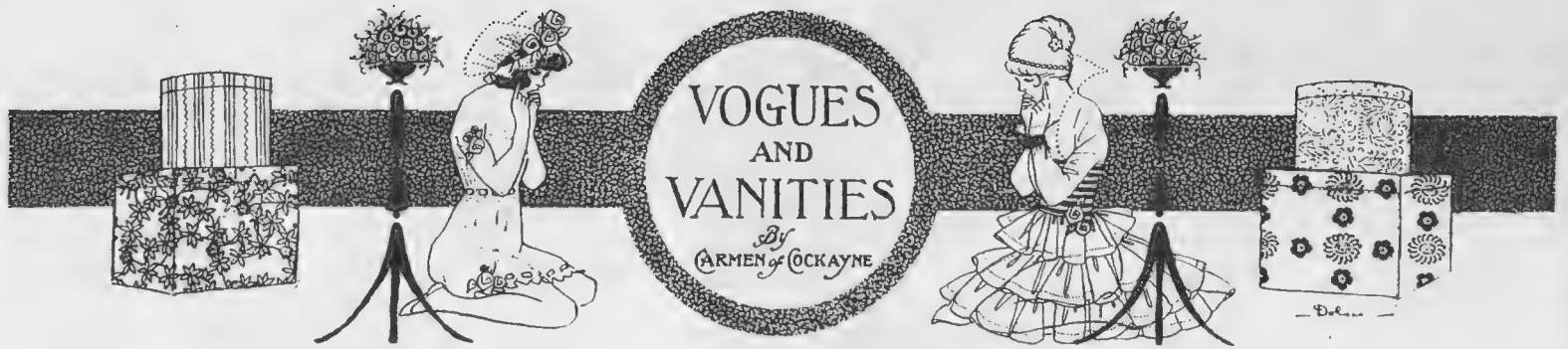
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One Result of It. The armistice has produced some results which have surprised even the most far-seeing. Who, for instance, would have imagined that the downfall of the Hun would have been the signal for the appearance of an entirely new crop of millinery of the kind calculated to make any woman forget the thrift she has been loyally practising for the last four years and more? It may be that Foch had some notion of the way things would go. He is a Frenchman, and can therefore be reasonably expected to understand better than any Englishman could ever do how closely fashion follows current events. When English women started buying new clothes to celebrate the triumph of the Allies your British saw in the action nothing more than a piece of wilful extravagance, and the loss to the State of half-a-hundred or so War Savings Certificates. Only a Frenchman, who knows very well that the woman who does not express her feelings in her dress has no feelings worth expressing, would have grasped the true significance of the action, and have appreciated the delicate compliment to his valour at its true value.



The reason the crown is split is to allow for the presence of a black osprey.

Not for Everyone. But not everyone's purse can run to a brand-new peace wardrobe. The fall of the Hun has not yet been followed by a fall in prices. Some day it may be possible to invest in a complete new rig-out without suffering from an unduly severe attack of conscience afterwards. Fortunately, however, there are still hats to make glad the heart of woman without at the same time unduly straining her financial resources, and, given a new hat, a clever woman can work wonders with an old toilette, more especially if it happens to be a hat from Mercie McHardy, 240, Oxford Street, just by Oxford Circus, where Dolores saw the originals of the sketches shown on this page.



Two coquettish-looking paradise tufts help to modify the severity of unrelieved black panne.



Beaver serves all sorts of purposes these days. This sketch shows how a milliner can use it for her own ends.

Their Own Sweet Will.

Most people have some sort of ruling principle to guide them in their work. But the hat artists are different. So long as the result is becoming to some one woman, they trouble not at all about regulations of size, or material, or shape. After all, there is no reason why they should. So long as someone looks lovely in one of the creations, they can claim, quite justly, that the work has been worth while. If it takes all sorts to make a world, it takes, also, all sorts to make a mode; and nature has

yet to form the face for which fashion cannot find a becoming frame. The tall and the short, the fat and the thin, the happy owner of classic features as well as the luckless possessor of a nose that is undeniably snub, can all count on finding something guaranteed to emphasise such good points as they can call their own.

Their Independent Outlook.

By all ordinary rules, a velvet hat should have a velvet crown. But rules mean very little to the milliner, which probably accounts for the fact that a high-crowned model that looks to be all of *tête-de-nègre* glacé silk fringed at the edge, reveals, on closer examination, the presence of a brim—it is really more of an apology than the real thing—of brown velvet. Or again, another hat—quite an ambitious affair—in deep chocolate-coloured panne, changes horses in mid-stream, as it were, by covering the whole of its rather wide flat brim with a soft camouflage device in short, clipped ostrich-feather fronds. Tassels lend themselves to all kinds of decorative schemes. Whether it is due to a craze for novelty, or merely because elaborate things are for the moment unfashionable because hard to procure, it is difficult to say. Anyhow, it is impossible to question the good taste of the hat-maker who, having first modelled a shape of black panne on picture lines, took a generously planned tassel of beaver-coloured silk, and, having fastened it to the summit of the rather high crown, left it to do duty for the more ordinary feather.



Black osprey is all the trimming on a small black velvet hat, but it's quite equal to the occasion.

New Times, New Lines.

With Mr. Lloyd George cooing soft nothings to Mr. Bonar Law, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer replying in like manner, it is not to be supposed that millinery—and feminine millinery at that—would be content to follow the beaten track. So it is not surprising to find that the hat with the greatest success is the hat as far removed from the ordinary as its maker can take it. For instance, there is nothing out of the way about an ordinary slightly turned-up velvet brim. But the hat of which it forms a part stands in a class alone, for the crown, not content with being worked with pale-blue velvet-chenille, with narrow gold thread introduced by way of relief, is still further enlivened with motifs of coral-coloured silk embedded in the blue matrix. After such a display of originality, it is quite natural to find Kolinsky sable figuring as a glorified rosette, instead of chiffon or the more ordinary tulle, on a small toque; and gold and pink brocade performing brim duty on an otherwise all-black satin hat; and the presence of a plaited silk cord edged with gold all round the brim of a hat, at the back of which it perches as a flippant bow, calls for no more comment than the humdrum hat-band of a more conventional day.



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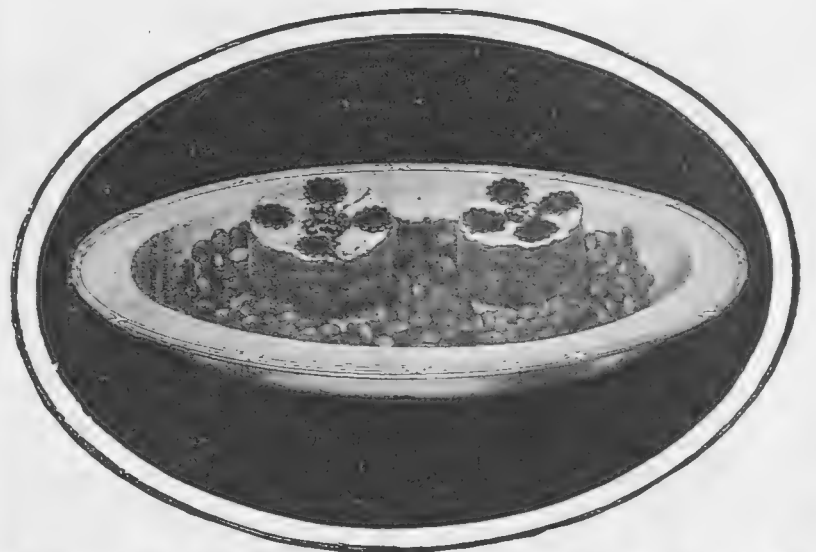
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Ingredients:—1½ lbs. macaroni; 2 ozs. grated cheese; 2 ozs. flour; ½ pint milk; pepper and salt; 1 lb. haricot beans; 2 eggs; 2 ozs. margarine; 4 teaspoonfuls of OXO; 1 onion.

METHOD OF PREPARATION:—Cook the macaroni until tender; make a sauce in the following manner. Melt the margarine in a saucepan; stir in the flour; add the milk, and boil for five minutes. Cut the macaroni in pieces of about one inch; throw it into the sauce; season, and mix in the grated cheese. Allow the mixture to cool and then add the two eggs well beaten. Place in a well-greased basin or mould and bake for thirty minutes.

The haricot beans should be soaked overnight and cooked until tender. Chop the onion and fry lightly; strain the beans (saving the liquor); dissolve 4 teaspoonfuls of OXO in some of the liquor the beans were cooked in, add the onion and beans, and season nicely. When the macaroni is firm turn out on a dish and pour the prepared beans round.

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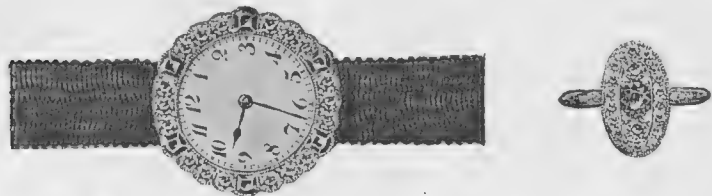
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The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths.

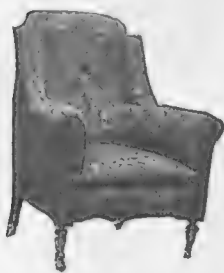
In the always bright and attractive salons of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, the present-hunter is secure of just what he or she wants, just as the very best taste in all the world can supply it. The reputation of this firm—a great one throughout the civilised world—has been built up by years of completely satisfying every customer. The best quality, the best value, irreproachable taste, and honest, splendid workmanship have made



BEAUTIFUL AND SEASONABLE GIFTS: THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS CO.



the company's mark up at the top, where it always stays. This year, with a view to specially handsome gifts marking the great peace season, the company have a very remarkable stock of diamond-set wristlet watches on platinum or palladium, expanding bands and on moiré. These are works of art, and they are the company's own work; with most commendable foresight they have evaded the heavy import tax, and have been produced in absolute perfection at a cost nearly fifty per cent. less than such beautiful watches ordinarily command—£150 at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths will secure a watch that £250 would scarcely do elsewhere. There are, of course, less costly presents—many and beautiful rings, pins, pendants, all kinds of jewellery, and all faultless in style, and excellent in value. Pearls are another affair in which the company is most fortunately situated. Their stock is wonderful; a child's necklet can be secured for two guineas, or one for a millionairess at £40,000; and similar care would be given to the selection and arrangement of each. Lovely necklets of most effectively matched and graduated pearls can be had from £1000 to £1500, and they are a sound investment, for pearls still soar in price. All those who want guarantee for the best of gifts get them at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths.



THE "DODDINGTON" CHAIR: WARING'S.

Waring's.

A look through Waring and Gillow's great house in Oxford Street is a liberal education in present-giving. On whatever the giver's mind may be set there will be found varied examples of it at Waring's, and at prices to please everybody. Suppose a comfortable chair is in view, what better could be desired than the original of our illustration? It is called the "Dodding-ton," and, comfortably upholstered and covered in cretonne, the moderate cost is £2 5s. Suppose something dainty for the house is desired. There are imitation filet-lace bed-spreads at 18s. 9d. for a single, and £1 5s. for double bed; there is an electro-plated chafing-dish—a great fuel-saver—for £7 10s. A handsome tea-urn, 11 inches high and 7¾ in diameter, costs only £7. Punch-or-rose-bowls will be in great request; these, with and without handles, from 7½ to 9¼ inches high and 10 to 10¼ in diameter, are sold for £4. Most useful and handsome is a tankard or hot-water jug with an antique coin set in the lid. It is 7½ inches high, finely plated, and the price is £3 10s. For a similar price a pair of Georgian design candlesticks, 11½ inches high, can be secured. Lighting by gas and electricity

being restricted, candles are in again, so this gift is very useful. Very useful, too, is a three-set tea-service in Georgian pattern, with gadroon edge, at six guineas. These are but a few examples of the thousands of gifts at Waring's.

Dubarry et Cie.

A Gift of Peace and a gift for pleasure can be selected from many at Dubarry et Cie.'s fine premises at 81, Brompton Road, S.W.1. Needless to say that the firm is celebrated for its delicious and exclusive perfumes. They are of many extracts. One dainty lady adores "A Night in June"; another gives allegiance to "Lotus Land"; a third swears by the entrancing qualities of "Vision de l'Inde"; and so on through some fifty delicate and delicious essences which are specialties of this famous house. In small space it is impossible to give any adequate idea of the Christmas gifts to be found at Dubarry's; but they have issued an illustrated list of them and of their luxurious accompanying preparations which is a real pleasure to look at. The coloured illustrations are as delicate as they are artistic, as dainty as they are refined. One can only say of this beautiful list, which can be obtained by application, that it is worthy of this exclusive firm and its delicious scents.



SOME EXQUISITE PERFUMES: DUBARRY ET CIE.

Mark Cross.

For the present which shall have a special significance as being the best-thought-out for the most-thought-of, Mark Cross, 89, Regent Street, W.1, is the place to go. Matches are scarce, and should be carefully preserved. A silk slip to contain them, in regimental colours, which is flat and fits easily in the pocket, is one very alluring present for either man or woman, for the latter smoke, and are attached—by affection—to some particular regiment or force or corps. Very highly esteemed is a bag which is strong but elegant, and has several pockets, one lined with white kid, the others with moiré. It is of seal leather, and, in black, blue, or green, it is 80s.; it is fitted with a mirror and case for puff. Also of the utmost convenience and very *chic* in appearance is a small envelope, morocco or seal or of silk, to carry in the hand to hold purse, handkerchief, etc., which must be easily get-at-able. The point about Cross productions is that they are specialties; much thought has been devoted to their production, and their make and finish are quite beautiful. Splendidly cut and splendidly wearing gloves are another specialty of the firm; while their fitted bags and bags to take one's own fittings are justly celebrated.

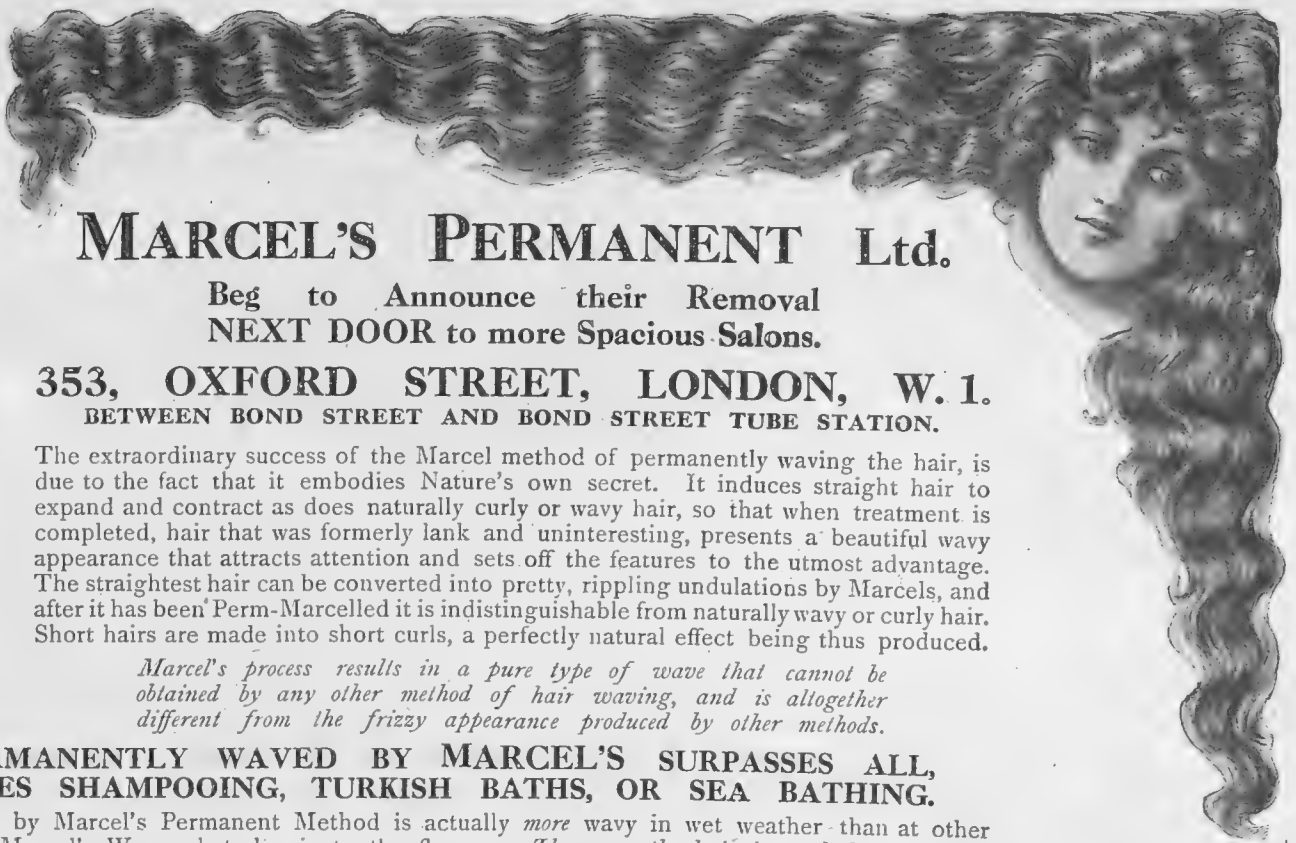


LUXURIOUS PRESENTS: MARK CROSS.

The Waterman Pen.

A working man, boy, woman, or girl—and there are none other nowadays—will bless the giver of a Waterman Pen. This ideal implement for writing is the very perfect Peace present. It is a real friend, a reliable servant, and of permanent value. It will be something to remember the Great Deliverance by. Hundreds of thousands of our men will still be away on active service. They will not be fighting, but will have more time to observe and to tell, per Ideal Waterman, their many interesting experiences, and the Censor will either be otherwise employed or very lenient.

(Continued overleaf.)



MARCEL'S PERMANENT Ltd.

Beg to Announce their Removal
NEXT DOOR to more Spacious Salons.

353, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
BETWEEN BOND STREET AND BOND STREET TUBE STATION.

The extraordinary success of the Marcel method of permanently waving the hair, is due to the fact that it embodies Nature's own secret. It induces straight hair to expand and contract as does naturally curly or wavy hair, so that when treatment is completed, hair that was formerly lank and uninteresting, presents a beautiful wavy appearance that attracts attention and sets off the features to the utmost advantage. The straightest hair can be converted into pretty, rippling undulations by Marcells, and after it has been Perm-Marcelled it is indistinguishable from naturally wavy or curly hair. Short hairs are made into short curls, a perfectly natural effect being thus produced.

Marcel's process results in a pure type of wave that cannot be obtained by any other method of hair waving, and is altogether different from the frizzy appearance produced by other methods.

**HAIR PERMANENTLY WAVED BY MARCEL'S SURPASSES ALL,
AND DEFIES SHAMPOOING, TURKISH BATHS, OR SEA BATHING.**

In fact, hair waved by Marcel's Permanent Method is actually *more* wavy in wet weather than at other times; water is to Marcel's Wave what dew is to the flowers. *The more the hair is washed and wetted the more wavy it looks.*

FREE DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS

are given at Marcel's New Salons to those ladies who care to call at any time, but if it is not convenient to call, there are inexpensive devices by which ladies may wave their own hair at home with just the same permanent effect. The outfits also produce quite natural and soft waves, no matter whether you use the Marcel "Perm" Outfit for £3 10s., "Grand Perm B" Outfit for £4 4s., or the "Grand Perm A" Outfit for £6 6s. The only difference lies in increased simplicity of use with increased cost. We shall be delighted to send to any address copies of testimonials and full particulars of the MARCEL PERMANENT WAVING OUTFITS FOR HOME USE on receipt of the coupon at foot duly filled in.

These outfits are specially suitable for use abroad, and for countries where heat, damp, and tropical conditions prevail. This has been proved over and over again by testimonials received.

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T·HAIR·IS·A·NUISANCE

COUPON
The Secretary, MARCEL'S PERMANENT, Ltd., 353, Oxford St., London W.1.
Sir—Please send me full particulars of the inexpensive MARCEL
HAIR-WAVE for HOME USE, for which I enclose a 3d. stamp.
Name.....
Address.....

The Sketch, Dec. 4, 1918.

The Armistice and Wolsey

Although an Armistice has been declared it does not follow that machines engaged in the making of underwear for the troops can be suddenly diverted to the making of Wolsey. The troops in the field must still be clothed, and there is a great scarcity of wool. Prices are therefore high, and are likely to remain so.

Wolsey
Pure Wool Underwear

The makers are anxious that all who have worn Wolsey in the past should be able to get it in the future. Ask your dealer, therefore, to reserve your needs from his next deliveries.

THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.





Please apply for illustrated priced catalogue, which includes the daintiest of Layette and Children's Clothes, also the Barri collapsible and old world cot to

Useful Presents for the Little Ones.

BARRI, Ltd., 72, BAKER ST., W.1.

A few little garments are sketched here. These and many others may be had on approval if desired



Graceful housefrocks and restgowns, dainty blouses and dressing-jackets, and charming frocks for the little ones are made from Cepéa Filane.

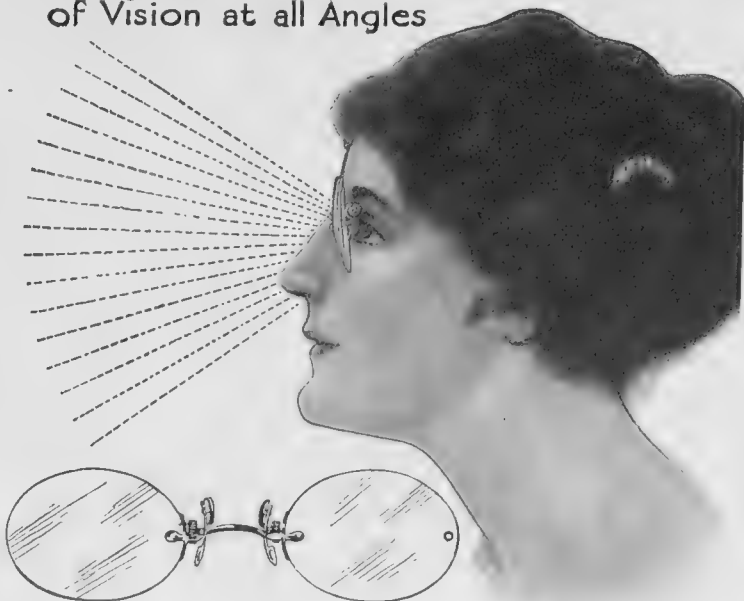
Price 2/11 per yard, width 30 in.

If your draper cannot show you patterns of this softly draping material that combines the warmth of wool with the sumptuousness of silk, write for pattern book and name of the nearest draper who holds a supply to The Calico Printers' Association, Ltd., Advertising Department, St. James's Buildings, Manchester.



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VINCORAY TORIC LENSES are ground in our own
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Branches throughout the Country.

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CHIFFON
TEAFROCK**

This charming gown is made
by our own workers from rich
quality chiffon, printed with very
beautiful designs in smart colour-
ings and lined throughout with
contrasting coloured georgette,
with sash to match. Suitable
for young ladies' dancing frock.

SPECIAL PRICE **7½ Gns.**



Fur-lined Moccasin, as sketch,
for Boudoir wear, in light
shades of antelope, beautifully
embroidered.

Price 42/- per pair.

*This Establishment is closed on
Saturdays.*

**Debenham
& Freebody**

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1



DON'T SNEEZE.

*At the first
signs use
Milton and
prevent the
coming Cold,
Catarrh, &c.*

Safeguard yourself from Winter Colds by using MILTON

MILTON will effectively prevent Winter Colds, Sore
Throats, Catarrh, &c. You cannot catch them if
you use MILTON according to instructions. It's the real
safeguard.

This is a strong statement, but it is absolutely true.

Germs cannot exist where MILTON is present. It destroys
them instantaneously and effectively without the slightest
danger or even irritation to the nose, throat and mouth.

Get a 1/3 or 2/6 bottle of MILTON from your dealer to-day,
and use it according to instructions.

It makes an effective barrage through which the enemy
cannot penetrate.

Sold by all Dealers. 1/3 & 2/6 Bottles.



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*The Premier Country
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A large selection of OVERCOATS

in all sizes, colours and textures, kept
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Unrivalled selection of **Cheviots,**
Homespuns, Blanket Cloth, &c., &c.,
exclusive designs and colours, also
the celebrated **Durward Fleece.**

Officers home on leave can secure
a **Golf and Sporting Jacket**
ready for immediate wear, in
all sizes and colours. *Patterns*
and prices sent on application.

THE "D.B. AINTREE" CONDUIT COAT

Absolutely the most distinguished
looking and comfortable Travelling
Coat extant. My new Blanket
Cloth and Fleece assure luxurious
warmth and perfect comfort with
the minimum of weight.

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.



*Leonard V. Smith
France 1917*

"AZA" Khaki Shirts

THERE is nothing so good at the price
as "AZA" Khaki Shirts, and for Active
Service wear they cannot be surpassed. They
are light, yet warm, soft and non-irritant;
unshrinkable, exceedingly durable and health-
ful in that they readily absorb and radiate
away the moisture of the body, thus
leaving the pores of the skin unhampered
to do their work. Obtainable in regulation
shades in Standard and Heavy weights

OF HIGH-CLASS RETAILERS.

Should you have any
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'SUPER' FOOTWEAR for Officers

The
COMBINED LACED
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£7 . 7 . 0

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NEW MILITARY BROCHURE

The Officers' Guide to
Footwear.

W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd.
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(Opposite Swan & Edgar's)
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PEARLS CARRINGTON & Co Court Jewellers 130 REGENT STREET, W.

*Choice Selection
of New and Secondhand
PEARL NECKLACES and ROPES
An inspection and comparison of
prices is solicited
before purchasing.*

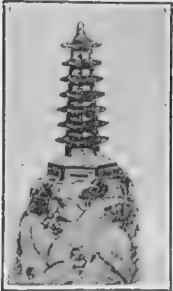
JEWELS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

*Secondhand DIAMOND, EMERALD & other
Jewels always in stock.*

A selection sent on approval.

PEARLS

Original Floating Flower Bowls.

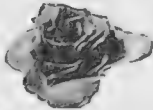


Model of Oriental Pagoda, in beautiful colours, carried out in Staffordshire Porcelain. Very effective placed in the centre of the flower bowl. 7 in. high. ... each 10/6

WEDGWOOD SOLID BLACK BASALT



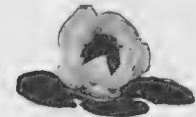
Floating Anemones, 2/9 each.



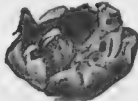
Large Lined Floating Rose, 10/6 each.



No. 1. Floating Flower Bowl in an original form, bowl 16 in. diameter, with classical figure of Cupid or Psyche in Wedgwood Black Basalt on Polished Blackwood Stand, complete as illustration £5
The Bowls only, shape as above: Diameter 10 in. 10/6, 12 in. 15/6, 14 in. 22/6, 16 in. 32/6
Stands extra—10/6, 12/6, 14/6, 18/6
Classical Figures, separate 50/- each; or in Wedgwood Queen's Cream Colour Ware.



Floating Water Lily, in pink or white, with green leaves, 4/6 each.



Floating Lotus Lily, Small 6/6, Large 10/6



No. 2. Extreme height and width, 24 in.
The Trafalgar Decoration, complete as illustration 14 Gns.
Separate Pieces:—Bowl only, 16 in. diameter 32/6
The Column complete with Nelson figure 6 Gns.
The Lions ... each 15/6

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The House of F.C.G. "Toby" Fame:

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Packages Extra.



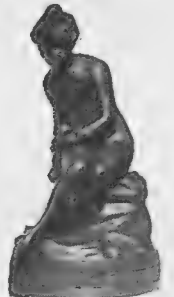
Lucky Blue Bird, 7/6 each.



Bird, in colour, 4/6 each.
Ditto, in white, 2/- each.

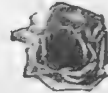


Kingfisher, with Flower holder 6/6



Psyche, in Wedgwood Queen's Cream Ware, or Cupid, 8 1/2 in. high. 50/- each, can be substituted for the Black Basalt in Wedgwood Bowl if desired.

OLD PUCE COLOUR GLASS



William Allan Richardson Floating Rose, 8/6 each.



Floating Swans s/s 2/-, m/s 3/6
1/s 4/6 each.



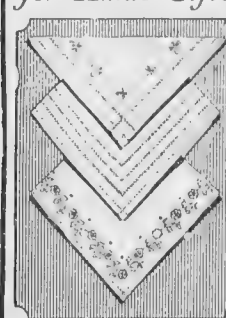
No. 3. A New and Exclusive Form.
Old Puce Colour Glass Bowl, 16 in. diameter, with figure of Cupid by the French artist, "Protah," in Spode White China Bisque, complete on Polished Blackwood Stand ... £5 10s.
The Bowls only, shape as above.
Diameter—12 in. 30/-, 14 in. 37 6, 16 in. 45/-
Stands extra 10/6, 10/6, 12/6
White Cupid Figure ... each 50/-
Coloured Butterfly, separate ... extra 4/6

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Go to SAMUEL BROTHERS LTD. OXFORD CIRCUS W. AND LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

Robinson & Cleaver's

HANDKERCHIEFS for Xmas Gifts



No. G3.—Ladies' linen cambric handkerchiefs with hand embroidered Shamrock, 13 ins. sq. 18/- Per doz.
No. G2.—Ladies' fine linen cambric fancy - stitched handkerchiefs, 13 inches sq. 17/9 Per doz.
No. G1.—Ladies' sheer linen embroidered handkerchiefs 12 1/2 ins. square, narrow hem, with Shamrock, Rose or Thistle design. Per doz. 15/9

Handkerchiefs from 2s. 11d. doz. Price list and samples post free.

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We hold a good assortment of

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From 50/- Per Pair To Measure

No matter where you are we can send you Patterns and Self-Measure Form with all instructions, also measuring Tape, and Guarantee to fit you perfectly.

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The Real Essence of Nature's Flowers

Direct from the lovely Sussex flower gardens.

ENGLISH VIOLET PERFUME.

Fills the air with the soft fragrance of the violet. 3/4, 5/- and 3/8 post free. Extra large presentation size 18/6.

ENGLISH VIOLET FOAM.

A delightful non-greasy cream; refreshes and improves the skin, 2/6 post free.

Also TOILET POWDER, 2/- and 3/3; BATH CRYSTALS, 4/3 and 2/-

Allen-Brown's English Violet & Lavender Preparations

OLD SUSSEX LAVENDER PERFUME.

5/- & 7/6 per bottle, post free. Small flat bottles for travelling 2/9.

OLD SUSSEX LAVENDER SOAP.

Box of three tablets 3/10 post free. Visitors' tabs, 10d. each. Bath tabs, 2/- each.

Owing to shortage of raw materials these prices are subject to alteration without notice.

Write for 20-page Catalogue, post free.

The Misses ALLEN-BROWN, F.R.H.S., Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex.

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MANTEAUX
CHAPEAUX
ET
FOURRURES

Hockley LTD

Original Models
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REGGIE de VEUILLÉ
HOCKLEY LTD.
MARCELLE ST MARTIN
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BOND ST. HOUSE
Corner of Clifford St.
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per yd.



PURE SILK

"VIGIL" Silk is pure throughout and British made not cheapened by Cotton nor weighted with Tin to give a false impression of quality. Wonderfully durable and a splendid washing silk. Look for the word 'Vigil' on the Selvedges

Owing to war difficulties the supply of "Vigil" Silk is limited because it cannot be manufactured so easily as cotton material. However, it can be obtained from the majority of the leading drapers. If you have any difficulty write direct to the manufacturers, Walker Bros., Ravensthorpe Mills, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury, for the name and address of the nearest Draper where "Vigil" can be obtained.

GOOD LUCK NOW NANNIE. SHE'S BROUGHT VIGIL

Double Width, 40 ins. wide.

In plain White, Pastel Shades, Khaki Stripes, etc.—for Ladies' wear, Men's wear, Children's wear—for Blouses, Dresses, and Nurses' Cloaks, Underwear, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Dressing Gowns and Shirts, Draperies, Curtains, Cushions, Fancy Work, etc.

Vigil
THE PURE SILK



CRÊPE-DE-CHINE REST FROCKS

ADAPTED from the newest Paris Models and made in our own Workrooms from rich quality materials.

REST FROCK, in good Crêpe-de-Chine, with new loose front and back, edged with fringe and pleated skirt, finished with sash tied at the side. In black and a large range of colours.

Special Price 98/6

Lace Edged Linen Doylies, Tray Cloths, and 5 o'clock Tea Cloths.

Sizes.	
8 in. round Doylies	... 1/10 each
24 " " Centres	... 1/6 "
36 " " Tea Cloths	... 22/6 "
6 " square Doylies	... 1/6 "
12 " " " "	... 3/11 "
20 " " " "	... 10/9 "
14 x 20 in. Oblong Tray Cloths	8/- ea.
16 x 24 " " "	... 11/9 "
36 x 36 " Tea Cloths	... 30/- "
45 x 45 " " "	... 47/6 "

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.



UNPRECEDENTED
OFFER.

WINTER DRESSING JACKET



of Ribbed Velvet, lined throughout with Fancy Delaine and trimmed White Fur, as sketch. The model is perfect in cut and finish, ideally comfortable, and is as charming as it is useful.

Walpole Brothers could not have offered this ideal Garment of comfort at the price had they not purchased the Fabric and Fur before the many increases which have taken place.

PRICE
29/6

Colours:—Rose, Vieux Rose, Pale Blue, Saxe, Mauve, Jade. —Brown and Black can, if desired, be made in a few days.

One garment only, with a range of colours, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.

SPECIAL CONCESSIONS To Motorists



GET READY YOUR CARS

IT is reasonable to anticipate that the war restrictions on Motor-Cars will in the near future be either entirely removed or at least relaxed. In view of the resumption of motoring, the "British Dominions" have decided to offer special concessions to motorists in respect of cars now laid up, and are issuing a special "Motor Concessions" Policy providing full cover in respect of private cars at abnormally low rates.

Take advantage of it now and be fully prepared

Send a post-card at once for full particulars. Please ask for "Motor Concessions Policy" prospectus.

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**EAGLE STAR &
BRITISH DOMINIONS
INSURANCE COMPANY LTD**
ASSETS EXCEED £13,000,000.

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Agents throughout the United
Kingdom.
Applications for
Agencies invited.

THE PROPRIETORS of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Tender their apologies to their customers, old and new, who have been disappointed by delay in delivery.

The demand for
THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
(Especially in the EAST),
For
THE RED CROSS HOSPITALS

and the General Trade, has largely increased, whilst the Government Control Departments have not been able to allow adequate supplies of raw material to cope with the increased demand.

WRIGHT'S Is the ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE COAL TAR SOAP.

For nearly 60 Years it has had the recommendation of
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

WRIGHT, LAYMAN & UMNEY, Ltd.

SOUTHWARK, LONDON, S.E. 1.



The dominating characteristics of "LISTA"
Pure Silk Shirts are:

Quality and Originality.

The Silk is the finest shirting loomed, and
whether for Officers' Khaki Shirts or ordinary
wear, cannot possibly be surpassed. ♣ ♣ ♣

Ask your Outfitter for Patterns, and
look for "Lista" stamped on selvedge.

Wholesale only:
LISTER & Co., Ltd., Old Change, E.C.

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IMPERIALES de Rothschild

THIS is the finest example of La Meriel Cigars. Made by experienced and highly skilled workers, it is a high-class cigar that fills the smoker with that sense of luxurious enjoyment that he gets with the most expensive of other makes of cigars. It has the fresh, subtly pleasant flavour of the finest Havana, and yet remains a permissible war-time luxury because it is so reasonably priced. If you appreciate a really good cigar you will thoroughly enjoy the Imperiales de Rothschild. It is the cigar that perfectly satisfies the most fastidious connoisseur. Prove it for yourself. If your tobacconist does not supply, we will send POST FREE, and if you don't find them the greatest cigar value possible, we will cheerfully return your money.

LA MERIEL "IMPERIALES DE ROTHSCHILD"
(size as illustrated).

	Per 100	Per 50
In Great Britain	83/-	41/6
To Troops Abroad	66/-	33/-

SIDNEY PULLINGER LTD.
41 Cannon Street,
BIRMINGHAM.

SANITAS

AND

INFLUENZA. Its Prevention and Cure.

"SANITAS" FLUID—mixed with water 1 in 4 used as gargle, also as Tooth and Mouth Wash and for spraying the air of Apartments is the best and surest preventive.

"SANITAS" AERIAL SPRAYING

is cleanly, pleasant, and effective, 8d. and 1/3 bottles, and in bulk 6/- gallon. Of chemists, stores, and

THE "SANITAS" CO., LTD., LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.14.

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PARAGON

Umbrella excellence

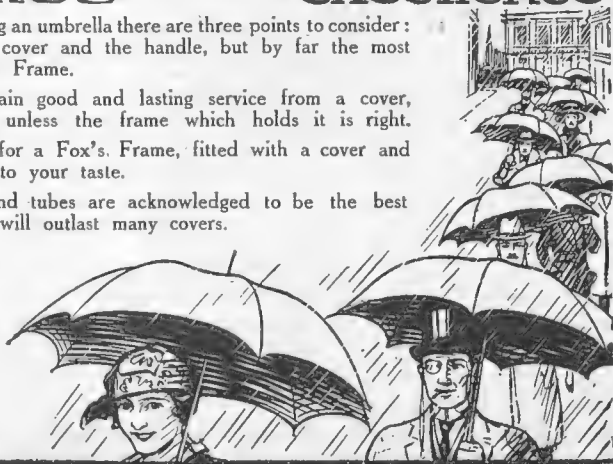
When purchasing an umbrella there are three points to consider: the frame, the cover and the handle, but by far the most important is the Frame.

You cannot obtain good and lasting service from a cover, however good, unless the frame which holds it is right.

Ask, therefore, for a Fox's. Frame, fitted with a cover and handle selected to your taste.

Fox's Frames and tubes are acknowledged to be the best obtainable, and will outlast many covers.

Look for the Trade
Marks on the
Frame when pur-
chasing an umbrella.
It is your guarantee
for quality and
durability.



J.W. Benson's 25, Old Bond St. W. 1.
Perfect Timekeepers.



18-ct. Watch

15-ct. Band

£20



18-ct. Watch

15-ct. Band

£20



9-ct. Watch

9-ct. Band, £12

AND 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4



**USE IT ON YOUR
FACE AND HANDS**
Last thing at night and you never need worry about your appearance.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

(The best substitute for Glycerine.)
is a natural skin food and emollient, which takes away all the tell-tale traces of housework—red and roughened hands, &c. It is a thing which every housewife should know about. The work must be done, but you can use LA-ROLA and yet retain a complexion and hands second to none for softness and delicate whiteness. LA-ROLA is quite economical at 1/14 per bottle, because it goes a long way. It is so good that all Chemists and Stores sell it.
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM SPA, ENG.

PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM" which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-



No. 1369.

Fetish shoes have become the fetish of all women who are particular in their choice of footwear. The Wendover design in black glacé as above is also made in navy blue and nigger brown glacé • grey, fawn & nigger brown suede and patent leathers

MANUFACTURED BY
**W.E. Fox & Co, Fetish Shoe Works,
Leicester, England.**

OBTAINABLE FROM HIGH CLASS SHOE RETAILERS ONLY.

Fetish
THE LUCKY
SHOE

STAYNES
LEICESTER

TRADE MARK

QUALITY **BENSON'S**
FINE RINGS

In the new Palladium and other settings.

Originality of design combined with taste. Exclusive and beautiful work at strictly moderate prices for cash.

Diamonds, either alone or with Pearls, Emeralds, Sapphires, or Rubies of rare quality.

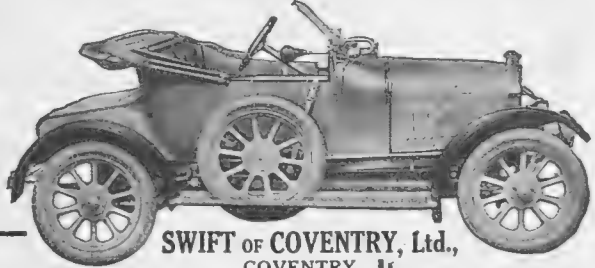
The range of prices and variety of fine single-Stone Rings is immense.

Illustrated Lists of Rings (with size card), Jewels, Pocket, Wristlet or Bracelet Watches, etc., post free.

J. W. BENSON, Ltd.,
Watchmakers to H.M. War Office, Admiralty, etc.,
62 & 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4
and 25, Old Bond St., W.1

SWIFT

Difficult of Improvement—yet Improved.
If you appreciated the Swift of the "before" era, you will realize the value of even a slight improvement on such a standard—and you will find the refinements of the new model by no means few or unimportant.



SWIFT OF COVENTRY, Ltd.,
COVENTRY. 11

LONDON: 123-4 Long Acre, W.C. DUBLIN: 15-17 South King St.



Allinson
WHOLEMEAL
Bread

Britain's best
bread of health

Continued.

The Pocket Self-Filling type of pen is a great favourite; ladies prefer the Safety, which can be carried in any position; the Regular type is generally popular, and its price is from 10s. 6d.; and the Safety and Self-Filling from 15s. Good selections can be seen at high-class stationers, stores, and jewellers.

Mappin and Webb's.

A sure find for beautiful gifts is either or each of the fine establishments of the world-famous firm of Mappin and Webb. There are three in London—one, 158, Oxford Street; another, 172, Regent Street; and a third, 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.—irrespective of some dozen others in different parts of the world. Women who are lucky enough to have their men home will give luxurious things—such, for instance, as a set of silver-backed brushes and tortoiseshell comb in a solid leather case, the silver engine-turned, and the whole thing neat and handsome, and an excellent antidote to makeshift

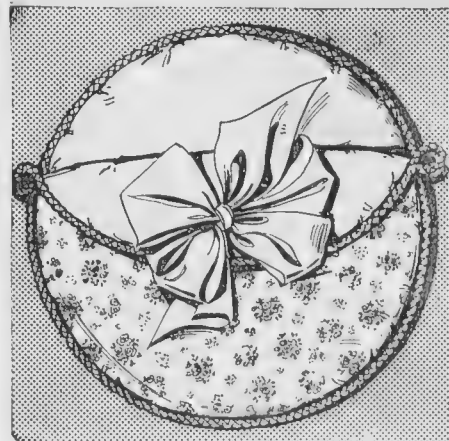
campaigning toilet equipment. From a man to a woman, an elegant and appropriate gift is a beautifully shaped pierced-silver basket for dessert or cake or bread. Practical and most useful is a dish-heater in Princes Plate—a specialty at Mappin and Webb's hardly second to silver.

There are lovely silver tea-services in all styles. One of these would

be a charming household souvenir of peace Christmas. Of smaller gifts there is an endless assortment: manicure-cases, note-cases, beautiful photograph-frames, little tortoiseshell boxes inlaid with silver, cigar and cigarette boxes, lighters, flasks—in fact, everything that one could desire in the way of really good gifts.

Robinson and Cleaver.

Few places afford more satisfaction for Christmas shopping than Robinson and Cleaver's palatial Linen Hall in Regent Street. Every department provides something specially suited to the season, which this year is really happy. As to handkerchiefs (and what gift can be more useful?) there can nowhere in the world be such exceptional choice and such excellent value as at this well-known North of Ireland establishment, famous the world over for its Irish lawns, linens, laces, and hand embroideries. A handkerchief sachet of rich brocade, lined with pale-blue or pink satin, is a dainty gift for 15s. 6d.; and a nightie-case to match can be had for 30s. In the men's and boys' departments there are quantities of most acceptable presents. One of the many advantages of purchasing at the Linen Hall is that the name is a guarantee of excellence.

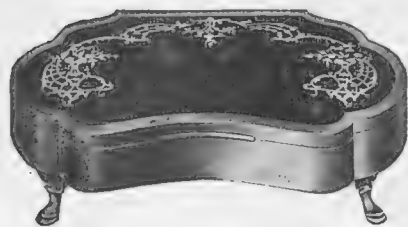


A USEFUL PRESENT: ROBINSON AND CLEAVER.

Vickery's.

Business is the word just now at Vickery's well-known establishment at 177-83, Regent Street, for all the world is seeking gifts for its wife and other relatives, while they are on the same thoughts intent with regard to husbands and others. In spite of difficult conditions, Vickery's turn up trumps for presents—the only embarrassment is of riches. With the return of happy days, shooting parties will assuredly enjoy some of them; and a much-appreciated gift will be a thin knife-edge case containing ten ivory tablets for drawing positions. These are in gold or silver. Very fascinating are writing-sets and clocks in

(Continued overleaf.)



HANDSOME AND USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS: MAPPIN AND WEBB.

Give him a
Gillette
this Christmas



The solution to the Xmas gift problem is Gillette

YOUR 1918 Yuletide gift to him should be something more than a mere token of goodwill.

Something that in years to come will carry his thoughts back to the happiest Christmas day in Britain's history. And to you.

A peace-year offering that will remain permanently in his service—an inseparable link with Victory-year Christmas.

Make quite sure that you get the Gillette Safety Razor and genuine Gillette blades.

Here and there you will find a dealer who will tell you that some other razor is "just-as-good," but he knows—no one better—that the only razor that is or can be just as good as the Gillette is another Gillette.

A Gillette Safety Razor will do all this and more.

It will make his shaving easy, smooth, clean and delightfully invigorating.

It will save him time and money every day for a lifetime.

And for you it will solve the problem of what to give by providing a gift that has the pre-war quality and is obtainable at the pre-war price.

Gillette
SAFETY RAZOR

NO STROPPING.

NO HONING.

Gillette Standard set, comprising heavily-plated razor, 2 blade boxes, and 12 double-edged blades (24 shaving edges) **21/-** in case, complete.
Pocket Edition Gillette set, in heavily-plated case, also at 21/-.

Write for Illustrated Booklet.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD.,
200, Great Portland Street, London, W.1

WE WILL LEND
you a sample knife
for a week's trial.

APIS UNSTAINABLE CUTLERY

Lessens Housework & reduces weekly expenses

You Can Scrap your Knife Boards, Knife Machines and Plate Powders.

After use you merely rinse and wipe with a cloth.

Thus there is no wear or tear.

APIS STEEL gives no taste to fruit or fish.

APIS STEEL is always beautifully bright.

APIS STEEL is the same right through and can be sharpened like ordinary steel.

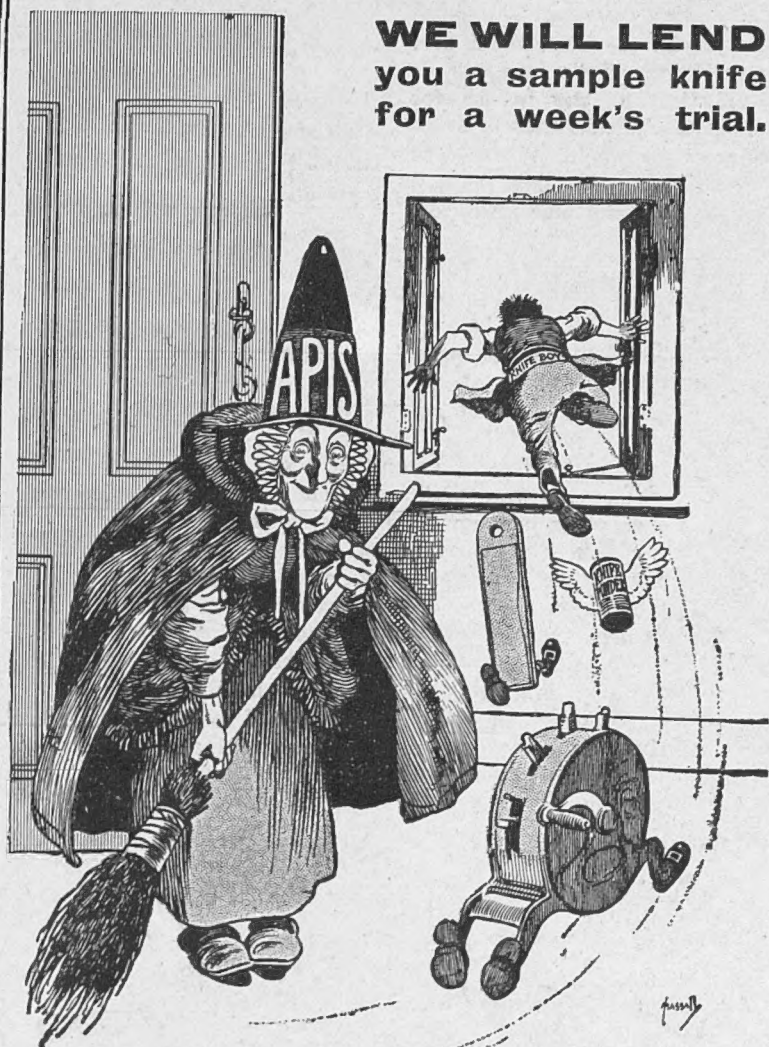
NOTICE.—Owing to shortage of materials we can only lend you a sample for trial and cannot, for the present, supply any cutlery. But if you register your order with your local tradesman under our priority scheme, you will ensure earliest delivery as well as a lower price than that paid by the general public.

Write first to us for particulars of our Priority Register.

CAUTION.—Every genuine piece of our Unstainable Cutlery is stamped "**APIS.**" We find it necessary to warn our clients of this.

APIS DEPOT: 30A, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

(Proprietors: The Yorkshire Steel Co., Ltd.)



DOES AWAY WITH ALL KNIFE CLEANING

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"
139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

TIME EASILY READABLE
IN THE DARK.

GUARANTEED
TIMEKEEPER.

9-ct. Gold
£9 10 0

Solid Silver,
£4 0 0

18-ct. Gold,
£14 10 0

WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH,
WITH WHITE or BLACK DIAL, LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

Section showing Damp
and Dust-proof Front
and Back Unscrewed.

Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.



**Britain's
Women
Workers**

need to protect the complexion, otherwise the skin becomes coarse, red and rough, and the face unattractive.

The woman who uses Pomeroy Day Cream regularly, need have no fears regarding her complexion. Just a dab of Pomeroy Day Cream once or twice a day will keep your complexion clear, your skin soft and supple, and prevent those blemishes which so often follow exposure to all kinds of weather.

**Pomeroy
Day Cream**

In dainty half-crown vases at
high-class Chemists, Perfumers,
&c.

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.,
29, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.



**Waterman's
(Ideal)
Fountain Pen**

**THE
"Peace" Xmas Gift**

Safety and Self-Filling, 15/- and
upwards. Regular 10/6 and upwards.
Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

L. G. SLOAN, Ltd., The Pen Corner,
KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

RADIUM v. GREY HAIR



CARADIUM (Regd.)

The Greatest Success of the Age.

NOT A DYE.

For all grey and fading tresses. This scientific Radium preparation is an absolute cure. Restoring to your hair, however grey and faded, all the rich & natural colour that it originally possessed; also for making the hair beautifully soft, glossy, and free from scurf. Highly recommended by all sections of the Press. **7/10 post free.**

CARADIUM HAIR GROWER

Prepared with rare herbs and Radium Water. Unparalleled for producing abundant glossy hair. **Price 5/10 post free.**

VELVET FACE POWDER (Regd.)

A Superb Powder, so fine as to be Undetectable. Gives Entrancing Loveliness to the Skin. In Two Beautiful Shades—NATURELLE and ROSEE. Exquisitely perfumed in the following—Blush Rose (like a Garden after a Shower), Fragrant English Violet, and the subtle Perfume of the LOTUS FLOWER. **Price 2/9 & 4/9.**

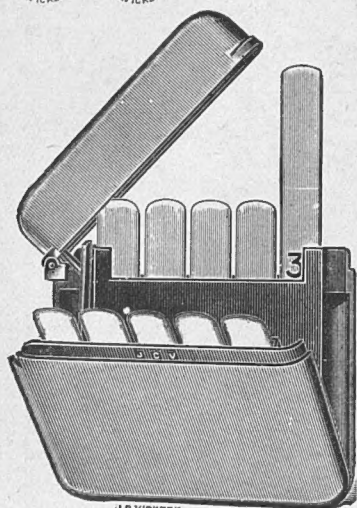
CARADIUM SKIN FOOD (Regd.)

produces a complexion of Radiant Beauty and Charm; being Radio-Active, it has no parallel for removing lines and keeping the rounded contours of Youth. **3/9, 7/6, 15/-, and 3 Gns.**

Army and Navy Stores, Harrods', Boots', Bakers', Whiteley's, Shoolbred's, etc., and of all good Chemists, or HELEN CAVENDISH, 174a, New Bond Street, W.1.

Continued.

seventeenth-century style Japanese lacquer. They fit in beautifully with the Oriental boudoirs that so many ladies love. Ear-rings are always a welcome present. Very neat are clusters in diamonds and sapphires; and extremely pretty at a trifling outlay are a pair with sapphire drops in palladium circles, and whole pearls in chains falling from single sapphires. Rings are favourite gifts, and of these there is a splendid show to select from for men as well as ladies; those having the regimental colours enamelled are favourites with officers. There are also charming signet-rings which neatly contain a miniature. Flat-pins for small hats in a neat case make a nice present, especially a set of four in tortoiseshell. Perforated briar cigarette-tubes are special presents for naval, military, and Air Force officers, as



PRETTY AND PRACTICAL PRESENTS: J. C. VICKERY.

they enable them to smoke in comfort in the strongest wind and going at great speed; these are gold or silver mounted, with either vulcanite or amber mouthpieces. The ash does not blow about when they are used. There are many special and out-of-the-ordinary gifts like this at Vickery's.

Although the war has been won, there is no diminution, but increase, in enthusiasm for those who so gloriously won it. Consequently, badge-brooches are in greater favour than ever. It is a pleasing thing that Charles Packer and Co., that very old-established but thoroughly up-to-date firm of jewellers at 76-8, Regent Street, have kept to their uniform price of two guineas for these popular souvenirs, despite rises in

the cost of metal and labour. They are in gold and enamel, and are enclosed in a neat case. It would be interesting to know how many will be sent as Christmas presents. A new one, on which there is sure to be a run, is that of the new United States Army, which we illustrate. A more important and lovely gift at the same

place is a necklet of very fine aquamarines and diamonds mounted in drop style. It is symbolic, too, of the Navy, which is much in the affection of the public, for sailors give their sweethearts aquamarines because of the special significance of the gem. There are other delightful presents at this well-known house, including moiré wristlets initialled in diamonds—any initial supplied at once. There are wristlet-watches, and many a useful and handsome gift in silver and gold; while the stock of ear-rings is famous, and that of all jewellery leaves nothing to be desired.

Gamage's.

"Have you seen Gulliver at Gamage's?" That is what children of smaller and larger growth are asking each other just now. This wonderful firm has done for Christmas a whole picture-gallery of Gulliver's travels life-size. Where he comes to the help of the Emperor of Lilliput, wades across the sea, and brings in a fleet of enemy war-ships on a bit of string is pleasantly allegorical for Britishers just now. There is a fascinating Lilliput village in the centre of the hall, over which great Gulliver himself stands guard. The whole of this famous establishment is stocked with delightful things—toys of every description, models of trains, elementary scientific, architectural, and engineering sets which are real joys to intelligent children; models of submarines,

[Continued overleaf.]



POPULAR PRESENTS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE: GAMAGE.

Urodonal

Cleanses the Kidneys

URODONAL dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar; it cleanses the liver, purifies the blood and tissues, imparts suppleness to the arteries, and prevents obesity by oxidizing fat.

URODONAL also cleanses the kidneys, which it frees from uric acid crystals and all the toxins and impurities which injure the renal tissue; it also removes obstructions.

URODONAL stimulates nutrition and modifies the arthritic diathesis. The children of arthritic parents undoubtedly inherit the tendency to rheumatic disorders, and URODONAL alone can counteract this.

Those who regularly take URODONAL avoid rheumatism, migraine, gout, sciatica, stones, obesity, etc., and maintain the youthful condition of their arteries.

Recommended by the Medical Profession in England and on the Continent.



Those who know and realise the pain and distress of uric acid diseases might well look upon URODONAL as the gift of an angel sent to relieve their sufferings and safeguard them against future attacks of their dread enemy.

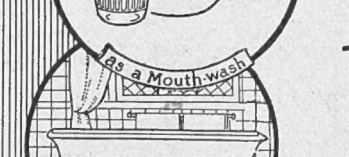
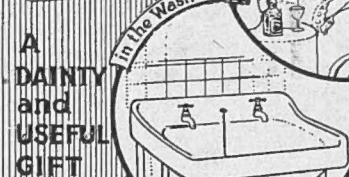
Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 & 12/6, from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPELS, Pharmacists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W. 1. Full explanatory booklets sent post free on application.

For XMAS 1918



A DAINTY and USEFUL GIFT



The USES of Luce's

There is no toilet preparation so universally useful as Luce's Eau de Cologne. As a refreshing perfume for the handkerchief or for spraying on the face and hands and clothing it is unequalled, whilst as an adjunct to the bath and wash basin it is indispensable. As a mouth wash after using tooth powder or paste it is delightfully sweetening and purifying, whilst ladies, after shampooing the hair, should rinse it with a jug of warm water to which a little

LUCE'S
ORIGINAL Jersey
Eau-de-Cologne
British and Best

has been added. They will be surprised at its refreshing and comforting effect. A little diluted with water and sprinkled on the carpets and rugs will prevent rooms getting stuffy in cold and stormy weather when windows are closed and winter fires are burning. Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria. Numerous gold medals and highest awards. Established Jersey 1837.

Prices—1/2, 2/3, 4/9, 9/8

Wickers—5/9, 13/9, 25/-

Of Stores, Chemists, and Perfumers, and from the Army and Navy Stores, Bakers, Harrods, Heppells, Selfridges, Whiteleys, etc., or from

LUCE'S, High Street, SOUTHAMPTON.

A Minor Tragedy

By "ESTELLE."

"DON'T desert me, Clara," I begged, as my friend rose to go. "That odious Mrs. Hammerton is coming, and I don't feel equal to tackling her alone."

"Sorry," replied she, "but I've got a committee meeting. Just tell me that recipe of yours for a shampoo once again—sallax, smallax, what's the name of the stuff?"

"Stallax," I replied. "It's best to rub a little olive oil into your scalp before washing your hair. You needn't rinse it afterwards—isn't that a joy? It's just the thing to keep that fair hair of yours the same colour, and to make it look 'like a poet's dream.'"

I was not pleased to hear Mrs. Hammerton ushered in. I'm not fond of Mrs. Hammerton, who has "risen" in life, and proclaims it by an atrociously patronising manner. Moreover, it always distresses me (I am not a nice person) to see a person with a coarse, wrinkled skin and neglected, faded hair, wearing ultra-fashionable clothes.

"Ha-ow do you do? Dreadful weathah we are having, are we not?" she drawled out as I poured out tea. "Ha-owevah do you keep so wol-looking? Of course, you've nothing to do."

I was just recovering from a breakdown caused by two years in an aeroplane factory. I felt my temper rising. The conversation dragged on; then I bethought me of my knitting. I went upstairs to fetch it, and was some time finding it.

When I returned to the drawing-room I heard a strange sound, like sobbing, and to my utter amazement I found Mrs. Hammerton in tears. It was so unexpected, so utterly unlike, that I could only stammer out:

"Don't—oh, please don't; isn't there anything I can do—oh, what is the matter?"

She calmed down soon, and blurted out in a manner which was quite unlike her former patronising way.

"I c-can't help it. I must tell someone—it's just this. When I married John I was a good-looking girl, though you wouldn't think it, now; but we've been through some hard times together, and my looks went years ago. John's just as kind to me, and now we've got money he gives me all the pretty things I used to hanker after when I was young. But I look a silly, ugly old fool in them—I won't go to a beauty doctor and be giggled over. I can't tell John, he wouldn't understand."

I soothed her and I said:

"Dear Mrs. Hammerton, you mustn't worry, you really mustn't; if you'll let me be hatefully rude and interfering, I think I can tell you a few ordinary home recipes which will make all the difference in your looks. You've obviously been pretty, but you've lost the freshness and smoothness of your skin, and the thickness and brightness of your hair—two things without which Venus herself would be very plain. You suffer from enlarged pores, too, which cause blackheads. If you went to an American beauty specialist, you would probably be 'skinned,' a painful process which would remove the outer, soiled skin, and leave the new, clear complexion underneath exposed. The principle of 'skinning' is sound, but there are three objections—the pain and unsightliness of the process, the expense, and the fact that the treatment necessitates one laying up for several weeks. The only safe way to adopt this principle without its unpleasantness is to obtain some mercerised wax from the chemist's and smear it lightly over the face and neck, washing it off in the morning with warm water. The curious property of this wax is that it absorbs the soiled particles of the outer skin painlessly and invisibly, leaving the new skin underneath free to breathe. It can be used as often as required, and the cost is trivial."

Dependable Safeguards

Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.



ensuring healthful protection for every outdoor pursuit, are illustrated by

BURBERRY Weatherproof Topcoats

Security at all points against wind, rain and cold is the outstanding characteristic of Burberry Weatherproofs.

This invaluable quality is obtained in such lightweight and distinguished forms as to make Burberry Topcoats ideal for mild weather, while the dense and hard-wearing textures of Burberry cloths ensure not only warmth but also long service and consequent economy.

Mufti or Military Kits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready for use.

Every Burberry Garment



bears this label.

Topcoats and Suits cleaned by Burberry processes. Weatherproof garments re-proofed. Prices on application.

D.B. Burberry Weatherall
a luxuriously warm, yet lightweight, overcoat, suitable for travel or walking.

BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W. 1 LONDON
8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes, PARIS; Basingstoke and Provincial Agents

THE INCOMPLETE WILL.

LIVERPOOL SHIPOWNER AND GIFT OF £70,000.

In August of last year, in celebration of his seventieth birthday, Mr. Joseph Hault, J.P., a Liverpool shipowner, announced his intention of giving £70,000 to various charities. That amount, included £30,000 to be administered by the Mercantile Marine Service Association for the benefit of mercantile marine engineers and firemen.

Mr. Hault died suddenly soon afterwards, and as it now transpires, before the fund had been transferred. As there was no provision in the will for giving effect to his intention the Mercantile Marine Service Association has not received any portion of the money.

Mr. Scott, the secretary of the Association, states that applications have been received from about 400 apparently eligible and deserving candidates, though under the circumstances the council of the Association have no fund to disburse.

This must be rectified.

A contribution, however small, from every reader of this paper will enable us to provide for these brave and deserving men. You alone know what your share should be—just send it along with the form below.

CONTRIBUTION FORM.

To the SECRETARY, Mercantile Marine Service Association, Tower Building, Water Street, LIVERPOOL (Incorporated by special Act of Parliament).

In appreciation of the gallant efforts and noble sacrifices of our Merchant Seamen, I enclose the sum of £. towards the funds of your Association.

Name
Address

Cheques or Postal Orders should be made payable to the Mercantile Marine Service Association, and crossed "Bank of Liverpool, Ltd., Not Negotiable."

Rowland's Odonto

"For Your Teeth."

The daily use of this dentifrice will remove and prevent the accumulation of Tartar, which is the most destructive Enemy of the Teeth, will purify and sweeten the breath, harden the gums, and make the Teeth beautifully sound and white. 2/9 per box. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

LEICESTER SQUARE W.C.1
Under the direction of ROBERT EVETT.

THE HOME OF MUSICAL PLAYS

On MONDAY, DEC. 9th.

GALA 779th NIGHT PERFORMANCE

OF THE GEORGE EDWARDS
ALL-BRITISH PRODUCTION:

"The Maid of The Mountains,"

WHICH NOW
HOLDS THE RECORD

For the longest run at this Theatre, having beaten "The Merry Widow," that ran for 778 Performances.

XMAS ARRANGEMENTS.

Boxing Day, Dec. 26, **TWICE DAILY.**
till **Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1919** at 2 & 7-45.
EASTER HOLIDAYS—Special Matinee, Easter Monday, April 21.

EVERY EVENING AT 7.45.
MATINEES TUESDAYS & SATURDAYS AT 2.

QUALITY

J. W. BENSON'S

LUMINOUS

'ACTIVE SERVICE' WATCH

VISIBLE AT NIGHT.

Silver, **£3.15**

Gold, **£10** Others—in Silver from £3 3s.

In Hunter or Half-Hunter cover.
Silver, £4. 10 Gold, £12. 12

Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Case. Dust and Damp Proof.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

Illustrated List of Wristlet Bracelet and Pocket Watches, Rings, Jewels, &c., free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4
and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.1

Continued.]

of bomb-throwers, torpedo-boats, all kinds of artillery, aeroplanes, heaps of soldiers, books, shops, soft toys, dolls' houses and furniture, games. There is at Gamage's, in the shape of presents, everything that the most imaginative of boys and girls ever dreamt of. Besides all this are masses of practical presents for people of all ages.

International Fur Store.

The woman who doesn't love a Christmas gift of furs doesn't exist.

The International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, is a centre of feminine interest just now, as it is the centre of all that is best and finest in quality, style, and value of the furs of the world. We illustrate a stole that is superb. It is of natural Hudson Bay sable made in two strands of double fur. The tails and paws of each of the dozen skins of which it is composed are used also, the whole making a most lovely and luxurious fur garment for day or evening wear. For a long coat nothing could be more cosy, handsome, and becoming than a coat of dyed Kolinsky sables. It is light in weight, and the lines of the fur give a look of height to the wearer. The lining is of a soft shade of hydrangea-blue satin. Another desirable long coat is of finest nutria, with dark beaver collar, and cuffs lined with sapphire-blue satin. Interest in the International is not wholly selfish on woman's part. Many go there to find gifts for their menkind. An overcoat lined and having a handsome collar will be a real comfort to a man whose health has not stood the strain of war. Many of our men will have to bear the rigours of a German winter in our army of occupation. For them fur-lined and collared British Warmes will be necessities.

A LOVELY SABLE STOLE FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT: THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE.

Sir John Bennett.

Truly British and really best may be said of all that emanates from the old-established but very up-to-date firm of Sir John Bennett, Ltd., 65, Cheapside, and

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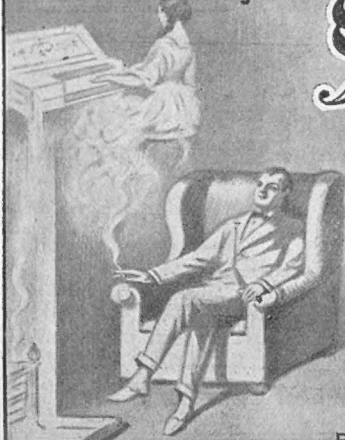
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